Carnegie Library
Station D
22-2-10
AUG
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

The Nation

VOL. XCI.—NO. 2355. THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1910. PRICE TEN CENTS.

NOW READY

"CHANTECLER"

Edmond Rostand's famous play (Gertrude Hall's authorized translation) was published in book form by Duffield & Company on August 15th, and is now on sale everywhere. $1.25 net; postage, 10 cents.

OTHER RECENT ISSUES

THE CELL OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE

Seven early English mystical treatises printed by HENRY PEPWELL in 1521: Edited with an Introduction and Notes by EDMUND G. GARDNER, M.A. The latest volume in the

NEW MEDIAEVAL LIBRARY

A selection of the choicest mediæval works of permanent interest, especially such as have hitherto been little, if at all, known to the English reader; carefully edited and printed upon pure rag paper, with photogravure or wood-cut reproductions of illustrations. *Each volume contains a title-page, engraved upon the wood, designed after notable contemporary examples.* With special binding design, deckle edges, whole brown pigskin, colored top and edges, antique style, with clasps, per volume, $2.00 net; postage 8c.

G. R. S. Taylor

"LEADERS OF SOCIALISM: PAST AND PRESENT"

Character studies of the most famous leaders of the Socialist movement, from Owen and Saint-Simon through Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle and William Morris, down to Bernard Shaw and Robert Blatchford. A temperate explanation of the great force to be contended with in the modern world. $1.00 net; postage, 6 cents.

Lewis Melville

"THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM BECKFORD"

The eccentric William Beckford's life and letters, picturesque and curious in themselves and striking in their view of eighteenth-century England. $3.50 net.

Lilian Dickins and Mary Stanton, Editors

"AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CORRESPONDENCE"

A remarkably interesting series of letters by Deane Swift, Pitt, the Lyttletons, the Grenvilles, and others, to Sanderson Miller, Esq., of Radway, an eighteenth-century architect "with a genius for friendship." With portraits and other illustrations. Large 8vo. $3.50 net.

The Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell

"SKETCHES AND SNAP-SHOTS"

Mr. Russell happily puts his readers in the company of relatives and friends and heroes whose hands he has shaken, most of them celebrities of Queen Victoria's time. This volume of "Sketches and Snapshots" will be enjoyed by all who have delighted in the author's previous books. $2.50 net; postage, 15 cents.

J. M. Kennedy

"THE QUINTESSENCE OF NIETZSCHE"

A lucid and remarkable book, the first to appear since the publication of the philosopher's autobiography. $1.50 net.

Rudolf Besier

"DON"

J. B. Fagan

"THE EARTH"

Two plays, uniform in style, the first volumes in a new series, "Plays of To-day and To-morrow." Each, $1.00 net; postage, 10 cents.

A Remarkable New Novel

ONE BRAVER THING

("The Dop Doctor") **By Richard Dehan**

"I have done one braver thing
Than all the worthies did;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is to keep that hid." —DONNE.

Second American Edition. Fourth in England. The story of a strong man redeemed by a great love.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.

DUFFIELD AND COMPANY
36 WEST 37TH ST. NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 133

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Swapping Horses in Mid-Stream..... 136
Conservation Under Fire..... 136
Perils and Duties of Executives..... 137
Private Secretaries of Public Men.... 138
On Reading Books Through 139

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

French History 139
News for Bibliophiles 141

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Need of a New Humanism 141
Dravidians and Caucasians 142
A Friendly Warning 142

LITERATURE:

The Fall of Abdul Hamid 143
Whirlpools 144
Ailsa Paige 145
"Skid Puffer" 145
The Twisted Foot 145
A Writer of Books in His Genesis.... 145
Gli Americani nella Vita Moderna osservati da un Italiano 147
Bygone Days in Chicago 147
Anthology Society 148

NOTES 148

DRAMA:

The Acharnians of Aristophanes.—The Knights of Aristophanes 150

ART:

Turner's Gallery 151

FINANCE:

A Financial Symptom 153

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 153

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational.

New York, Tarrytown, Box 760.

Hackley Lower School (Boys 9 to 13)

Situated on an elevation of 500 feet above the Hudson River, twenty-five miles from New York City. Modern facilities for thorough school training with every natural advantage for healthful home life. Prepares for Hackley Upper School. For catalog and illustrations, address

HAROLD F. AVERY, Director.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.

2 A Park Street, Boston — 1505 Pa. Ave., Washington
156 Fifth Ave., New York — 414 Cen. Bld., Minneapolis
203 Mich. Ave., Chicago — 611 Swetland Bld., Portland
405 Cooper Bld., Denver — 238 Douglas Bld., Los Angeles
319 Hyde Bld., Spokane — 2142 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley

Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY

Supplies schools of all grades with competent teachers. Assists teachers in obtaining positions. Send for Bulletin No. 20.

HARLAN P. FRENCH, 81 Chapel St., Albany, N.Y.

NEW YORK LAW SCHOOL Day School, Evening School, 174 Fulton St., New York city

"Dwight Method" of instruction. LL.B. in two years. LL.M. in three years. High standards. Send for catalogue. GEORGE CHASE, Dean.

BETHLEHEM PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Bethlehem, Pa. Prepares for leading colleges. Catalogue. H. D. Foering, B.S., Principal.

Introduction to the Study of The Greek Dialects

By CARL DARLING BUCK.

"The book is marked by painstaking and minutely accurate scholarship, lucidity of exposition, and skill of arrangement, coupled with Professor Buck's unsurpassed art of judicious slighting. For a long time to come it will form by far the best introduction in any language to the study of the Greek dialects—equally useful for comparative purposes as for a purely philological help to gain an adequate knowledge of the literary dialects."—Hanns Oertel, Professor of Linguistics and Comparative Philology, Yale University.

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

Study Book in English Literature

By E. R. HOOKER.

This admirable guide covers the ground from Chaucer to the close of the Romantic Period. It is unsurpassed in its fitness both to serve as background for the later study of masterpieces and to give a broad general survey for those who cannot study further.

Cloth. 324 pages. Price, $1.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA

Read L. M. Montgomery's New Book

KILMENY OF THE ORCHARD

By the author of
"ANNE of GREEN GABLES" (23d Printing)
and
"ANNE OF AVONLEA" (12th Printing)

WILLIAM J. TUCKER'S

PERSONAL POWER

"Vigorous and wholesome talks to college men."—*Kansas City Star.*

"A stimulating volume."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.

MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

Notice.

NOTICE.—THE CITY NATIONAL BANK, located at WYMORE, in the STATE OF NEBRASKA, is closing its affairs.

All noteholders and other creditors of the association are therefore hereby notified to present the notes and other claims for payment.

J. S. JONES, Cashier.

Dated July 7th, 1910.

STANDARD AUTHORS IN SETS

Balzac, Brontë, Browning, Bulwer, Carlyle, Cooper, Dickens, Dumas, Eliot, Gibbon, Guizot, Hawthorne, Hugo, Irving, Macaulay, Plutarch, Poe, Prescott, Ruskin, Scott, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Tolstoi.

Send for Catalogue.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., New York

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS

233 VOLUMES

GENERAL EDITOR: ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

Each volume contains a photogravure frontispiece, a decorative title-page, and a ribbon bookmark; where advisable, editorial appendices and marginalia, also.

PRICES: In cloth, each volume 45 cts. Net
In limp leather each volume 65 cts. Net

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
31 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK.

THE FIRST GREAT CANADIAN

The Story of Pierre Le Moyne, Sieur d'Iberville.

By CHARLES B. REED.

The first complete study of the most conspicuous French Canadian of his day. Illustrated from rare prints.

Cr. 8vo, $2.00 net.

A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

The only biography of the founder of modern Socialism, **KARL MARX: HIS LIFE AND WORK,** by John Spargo, $2.50 net; $2.70 carriage paid.

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth avenue, NEW YORK

Do you know the Beacon Biographies?

The only *authoritative* lives of twenty-nine eminent Americans that are at the same time *brief*. Each volume 50 cents net; by mail, 54 cents.

Send for a descriptive pamphlet.

Small, Maynard & Co., 21 Beacon St., Boston

REMINISCENCES OF A K. C.

By THOMAS EDWARD CRISPE.

"A wealth of anecdote" (*Nation*) of famous judges, actors and literary folk of the Victorian Era.

Cloth, $3.50 *net; postpaid,* $3.66.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

INSPIRING AND HELPFUL BOOKS

WHY WORRY? and **THOSE NERVES!**

By GEORGE L. WALTON, M.D. Cloth, $1 net, each.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

BOOKS—All out of print books supplied, no matter on what subject; write me, stating books wanted; I can get you any book ever published; when in England, call and inspect my stock of 50,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright St., Birmingham, England.

FOREIGN BOOKS *Send for catalogue.* SCHOENHOF BOOK CO. 128 Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS. **TAUCHNITZ BRITISH AUTHORS**

AMERICANS: An Impression

By Alexander Francis.

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y., offers a catalogue of 590 Pamphlets—free.

Six Months Subscription Free.

THE NATION will extend SIX MONTHS the term of any subscriber who sends a name not already on our list with remittance for the new subscription for one year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1910.

The Week.

Senator Aldrich gave what looked like an effective reply to the charges made by Senator Bristow a month ago. In it he deals first with the nature of his own rubber company and its relation to the price both of crude rubber and of manufactures of rubber. As to the latter point, his statement is of the most absolute and sweeping character. "Neither the Intercontinental Rubber Company," he says, "nor any of its subordinate companies has ever had the slightest interest, direct or indirect, in the manufacture of any article covered by the change in rates on rubber manufactures in the paragraph alluded to, or otherwise; and neither the Intercontinental Rubber Company nor any of its subordinate companies has ever had any part in any combination, agreement, arrangement, or understanding with any company or person with reference to any manufactured product of rubber or the price of any such product." Coming specifically to the tariff aspect of the question, we need not dwell on that part of Mr. Aldrich's reply which points to the absurdity of ascribing the enormous advance in the price of crude rubber, from 70 cents in 1902 to $3 in 1910, to an addition of five per cent. made to the United States duty on it in 1909. The real point in Mr. Aldrich's statement is his explanation of how the change from 30 to 35 per cent. came to be made. This was done, it should appear, in order to make the rate in the paragraph covering manufactures of India rubber conform to that in several other paragraphs, all of which called for 35 per cent.; it being stated by Appraiser Sharretts that this difference led to constant doubt and controversy, since the goods taxed at 35 per cent. were often partly of rubber, thus leading to "the almost hopeless task of determining which of the materials was the component of chief value."

Senator Bristow's prompt rejoinder to Senator Aldrich must make the latter regret that he yielded to party pressure and went into the controversy at all. It is not that the Kansas Senator is in his reply either convincing or wholly ingenuous. On the question of the advance in the price of rubber, as affected by our tariff, he has really no answer, and is vague or evasive in the whole matter of the relations of Aldrich's crude-rubber company to manufacturers of the finished article. But for popular Western consumption, there can be no doubt that Mr. Bristow's retort will break the force of Mr. Aldrich's statement. That is to say, the Kansas Senator rings the changes on the assertion that the Aldrich corporation is, in effect, a Trust paying huge dividends. According to the facts, and Mr. Aldrich's own admission, it is a "holding company." That is enough for Bristow. He will keep on throughout the campaign denouncing the Rhode Island Senator as the head of a concern which both oppresses the people and is obnoxious to the laws. He will point out that President Taft's Attorney-General has declared the need of proceeding against and destroying the device of holding companies such as the Intercontinental Rubber Company. He will declaim day after day about Senator Aldrich's suspicious business associations with Ryan and the Guggenheims. This is not a very fair or convincing form of argument, but it will go excellently on the Western stump; and in the prolonged rough-and-tumble debate to which Bristow now challenges Aldrich, the latter is not at all fitted to engage.

We presume that many cynical smiles will be caused by the petition of railway employees asking President Taft and the Interstate Commerce Commission to permit an increase in freight rates. It will be said that this is too transparently a suggestion by the railway managers themselves. Indeed, it is virtually admitted that they prompted the movement for such petitions, which are now being extensively signed in various parts of the country. But this should not prevent fair-minded men from considering the plea on its merits. The employees say with much force that the increased cost of living compels them to ask for higher wages, and plausibly add that the only way of permanently swelling the fund out of which they are paid is to advance the charges for transportation. But they seem dimly aware that they may be accused of reasoning in a circle, for they try to get on a straight line by roundly asserting: "We know that the transportation rates have *nothing* to do with the increased cost of living." If they know that, they know more than seven men that can render a reason. And their general argument that it is the established American system to have "fair profits and good wages" for all has obvious fallacies lurking in it. If prices and wages are raised uniformly, nobody is any better off than before; while if some are getting more for their goods than they ought to have, or are receiving artificially high wages, then somebody is imposing undue burdens upon somebody else. A particular demand, like that of the railway men, may seem amply justified; yet if the thing is made universal its defence is merely the old defence of governmental and other extravagance—namely, that it "puts money in circulation."

Partial responsibility for the failure of the Weeks Appalachian reservation bill to become law is laid by the editor of *American Forestry* at the door of President Taft. The bill was passed in the House, though by a vote which showed that only the force of public sentiment compelled action. It was in the Senate that the advocates of conservation expected the smoothest sailing; and it was as a result of overconfidence that the measure was allowed to drag on till the last days of the session when the Senate, under pressure from the White House, had all it could do to put into effect other important bills. The Weeks bill is to come up for consideration in the Senate next February; and for this occasion the friends of conservation urgently call upon the President to use his influence against the pernicious activity of Senators Burton and Newlands, in whom the supporters of the bill discern their most dangerous foes. Whatever may be the truth about the Senators from Ohio and Nevada, there can be little doubt that Mr. Taft, with the weighty measures of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his programme well disposed of, will give his attention to this long-delayed piece of legislation.

It seems at first sight odd that the Negro Independence League should not be more impressed by the Ohio Republican platform. The League stands up for the rights of colored men, under the Constitutional Amendments, and the platform speaks solemnly of the purpose of the Republican party to see to it that those rights are made secure. Unfortunately, negroes have memories. They are able to recall that the Ohio platform of two years ago made the same deliverance; that something to the same effect even got into the national platform; yet that nothing has been done. It is possible, too, that negro leaders remember the moving words about the wrongs of their race which Mark Hanna used to write in Ohio platforms, along with the announcement of a firm intention to guarantee our colored citizens in all their rights under the Constitution. But when Hanna was asked the reason for such a declaration, he calmly replied that the only reason was the existence of 25,000 negro voters in Ohio. The Negro Independence League can hardly be blamed, therefore, if it waits to see if Ohio Republicans are any more sincere this year.

As the Congressional committee looking into the Indian land scandals goes on taking conflicting testimony in Oklahoma, with no end of hearsay evidence admitted, one longs for a more vigorous cross-examination of the witnesses. A model might be found in the apparently immaterial question with which an Irish lawyer once began the cross-examination of a handwriting expert. "Where's the dog?" he asked. "What dog?" returned the witness. "Why, the dog which the judge at the last assizes said he would not hang upon your evidence." A similar incredulity might well be expressed in the case of Hamon, the former Republican committeeman, and others who have testified before the committee. But while there is all this confusion and inconclusiveness, as respects various men accused, one point remains absolutely clear. It is the outrageous nature of a system which induces and even compels the Indian wards of the government to pay huge sums to claim agents for what ought to be done for them officially without charge. This is the main question to which the public ought to stick, whatever happens to the charges of personal corruption.

Chicago was in festal array last week in honor of the conclave of the Knights Templar, who, to the number of forty thousand, filled the city streets with the blare of martial trumpets and forests of ostrich plumes and acres of gold braid. The American fraternal organization still constitutes, in the eyes of the visitor from abroad, one of the great national mysteries. Here is a democracy possessed with a passion for plumed hats unprecedented in history, and here is a people, supposed to be the most intensely laborious on earth, that can spare time for an entire week of delightful and more or less childish pageantry. Our enormous popular congresses and conventions, Knights Templar, Odd Fellows, Elks, Eagles, Christian Endeavorers, Epworth Leaguers, supply unmistakable evidence of the nation's prosperity. But they really do lend color to the charge that we are by no means so busy as we pretend to be. There are nearly twelve million members of fraternal organizations in this country. Allowing for duplications, the figures still confirm our title as a nation of "joiners." In that elemental sentiment of brotherhood there is something very admirable, indeed. But in the annexed fondness of grown-up men for tinsel and drill one might find new justification for the saying that all great men are children at heart.

The action of the Burlington Railway authorities in removing Dr. Eliot's famous five feet of classics from their library cars involves no reflection either on the classics or on the Burlington Railway. Serious reading at their best, Dr. Eliot's books should never have been subjected to the railway test. The mission of the literary classic is that of an ever-present companion to whom one may turn when the proper mood arises, and not till then. The classic is read and should be read only when the desire for it arises; it should be the object in itself. It is only degrading it to make it a mere instrument for whiling away the dreariness of a long journey on the cars. To each end its proper means. To put Marcus Aurelius in the same class with big, black cigars and auction pinochle as alleviators of railway tedium is to do honor neither to Marcus Aurelius, nor to literature, nor to common sense. If literature with "snap" and "go" in it is ever in place, it certainly is on a fast express between Chicago and the Pacific Coast.

A notable career in the field of philanthropy and social endeavor terminates with the death of Robert Treat Paine, president of the American Peace Society. There is poetic justice in the fact that the last moments of this veteran of international peace should have been cheered by at least three separate impressive testimonials to the growing vigor and potency of the great cause. At Stockholm the eighteenth International Peace Congress closed its sessions the other day. London has just witnessed the twenty-sixth Conference of the International Law Association. Most impressive of all, perhaps, at The Hague an entire phalanx of distinguished counsel have been arguing with extraordinary minuteness and earnestness the case between the United States and Great Britain over the Newfoundland fisheries, admittedly the most important question that has as yet been submitted for judicial arbitrament at The Hague.

It is easy enough to sneer at the sentimentalists who would bring peace into a world of struggle, and to point out that international peace congresses are usually the prelude or the postlude to sanguinary wars. But, at bottom, it is not the advocates of the abolition of war who are the doctrinaires and dreamers, but their purely practical opponents. If there is any one thing that stands out clearly in the history of the last ten years, it is the growth of the international peace habit, with deepening of the world's yearning for peace. Sanguinary wars and timid peace congresses have brought disappointment and temporary disillusion, but it is a testimonial to the vitality of the peace idea that it should appear with undiminished vigor after every disappointment and every setback. Where ten years ago a solitary—and strangely incongruous—voice for disarmament spoke up in the Czar's palace, to-day the limitation of armaments is a subject of thought and discussion in every chancellery of Europe. It is in the permanency and universality of the interest which now

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attaches to the subject of international peace that we find the clearest indication of its strength.

With the death of Miss Nightingale, the world loses not only a great spirit, but one whose contributions to modern medical science many will be tempted to rank alongside those of Pasteur and Koch and Lister. Antiseptic surgery has revolutionized practice; but Florence Nightingale founded the nursing profession, and thereby made possible the great hospital of to-day and the present rational care of the sick. For if "pre-Nightingale" conditions—so the histories of nursing describe the time previous to her activities—had prevailed, antiseptic surgery would have been deprived of half its potency. Prior to her demonstration that women must be trained for nursing as for everything else, any woman, old or young, sensible or foolish, dissolute or decent, was thought able to nurse, even though she was wholly lacking in experience. It was the Crimean war, of course, that made Miss Nightingale's revolution possible, just as it gave her the opportunity not only to demonstrate her own heroic qualities, but also to show that executive ability and the power to manage others, to organize vast enterprises, to decide momentous questions with calm resolution, are not solely attributes of the sterner sex. Indeed, in a combat in which of all human events women are supposed to have the least interest or right to appear, the "Lady-in-Chief," as Miss Nightingale was called, speedily developed a wisdom in action and a power that made the public rank her with the field marshals.

If the general public thinks of Miss Nightingale only as a war heroine, all those who have studied nursing know that the lasting benefits of her life are to be found in nursing schools and in her writings. Her "Notes on Nursing; What It Is, and What It Is Not" is still declared by historians of the nursing profession to be an "unrivalled monograph"; an "immortal classic." Certainly no nurse to-day should undertake her profession without reading this remarkable work. Besides her strictly professional writings, her summary of her Crimean experiences and her lucid paper on the "Sanitary State of the Army in India" were state documents of the highest rank. At all times her pen and her voice have been at the service of every humane cause. The English attempts to "regulate vice" have met with the severest castigation at her hands, and through her efforts and those of Josephine Butler many odious laws were repealed. An ardent woman suffragist, she never failed to urge women to enter any profession or calling that attracted them, but not because men followed that livelihood. "You want to do the thing that is good, whether it is suitable for a woman or not." Suitable for a woman nobody in military circles deemed her venture to Scutari. Thanks to it and to her own beauty of spirit and courage we have a calling for women supremely their own—and, we are tempted to write, supremely beneficent and ennobling.

France has come to be so distinctly looked upon as the classic home of stationary population that the tendency has been to overlook the only European nation that has experienced actual depopulation during the course of the nineteenth century. That nation is, of course, Ireland. In 1841, the population of that island was 8,175,124. Within ten years it had dropped to a little over 6,552,000. The succeeding decades showed no such enormous decrease, but the ratio was high enough. For the ten-year periods up to 1901 the average annual loss of population was, successively, 75,000, 38,000, 23,000, 47,000, and 34,000. With the turn of the century, a notable change came about. Figures laid before the House of Commons by Mr. Birrell just before the adjournment of the present Parliament showed that in 1902-3 the loss was about 18,000. In 1903 came the enactment of the sweeping Wyndham land purchase bills, and from that year till 1908 the annual loss was, successively, 11,000, 11,000, 3,000, 11,000, and 6,000. The year 1908-9 was a red-letter year in Irish history. In that year, there was an actual increase of 115 souls in the population of Ireland. The draining process of sixty years had been checked. There has been some difference of opinion as to the degree of success that has attended the latest phase of British land policy in Ireland. That it has been beneficial, no one has seriously denied. Even allowing for possible annual fluctuation, there can be no doubt that the outflow of population from Ireland has been stopped. And more eloquent commentary than this need not be asked for.

From Norway comes the report that this summer American tourists have flocked to that country in unprecedented numbers. Probably the new railway from Christiania to Bergen, which skirts glaciers and traverses vast snowfields, has had much to do with this. The English already swarm in these newly opened lands, but, unlike the fugitive Americans and Germans, they choose some spot which specially appeals to them and settle there for the season, thus getting a chance to become acquainted with the people as well as with the scenery. Of these people, however, if we may believe Knut Hamsun, those only are worth becoming acquainted with who have not been affected by the tourist traffic. The Norwegian peasantry used to include some of the best blood in the country, and even the ordinary peasant was more like an American farmer than like the peasant of other European countries. All this, writes Hamsun, in *Verdens Gang*, is changing. "The country," he says, "has been transformed into a ridiculous duplicate of Switzerland; we have made of it one vast hotel for foreigners; we can now pay for coffee, but we have lost our contentment, our peace of mind; we have become a nation of waiters, with hat in hand." Hamsun is also wroth because the Norwegians, unlike the Swedes and Danes, are always asking themselves: "What will these foreigners think of us?" "Let them think what they please!" he cries defiantly.

Before their war with Japan, the Russians had built several imposing structures in Port Arthur and laid the foundations for many more, including those for a stately cathedral. Those foundations have remained as they were, and the city has been left half-deserted. A great change is, however, impending. The Japanese have found a rich treasure in the Fushun mines, near Mukden, which yield over 5,000 tons of coal daily. The port of Dairen (formerly called Dalny) is too small to handle all this freight; on stormy days it is almost impossible to load or unload cargoes. It therefore occurred to the authorities that Port Arthur might be converted into a commercial harbor, and as such it was opened not long ago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SWAPPING HORSES IN MID-STREAM

What Lincoln said it was highly unsafe to do, the Republican managers are visibly attempting. In an Associated Press dispatch from Beverly bearing all the marks of being officially inspired, we read of "the elimination of Mr. Aldrich" as now one of the settled purposes of the Administration. The "readjustment plans" are so framed, we are informed, as to "treat whatever influence Mr. Aldrich may have had with the President as a thing of the past." In the same dispatch the positive announcement is made that Secretary Ballinger is to resign about September 15. The date seems to be chosen in order that he may first receive a "vindication" from the majority of the joint committee of Congress, which is expected to make its report shortly after September 5. Mr. Ballinger will then, it is said, find it necessary to withdraw from the Cabinet to attend to his law practice. The Administration, in the further process of eliminating the already eliminated, will see to it that Mr. Cannon be definitely notified that he cannot have another term as Speaker. The first step is taken in a remark of the President's: "I have not heard that Mr. Cannon would be a candidate." Thus is the bowl of hemlock offered to "Uncle Joe"!

The really surprising thing is that this apparent purpose of the Administration to meet the insurgent Republicans rather more than half way should have been declared at this time. One would say that it should have come either much earlier or considerably later. Just now it looks very like changing generals and re-assigning troops while under a heavy fire. It necessarily makes the impression of vacillation and uncertainty, which is as bad for the morale of a party as of an army. Bismarck said that a responsible statesman had often to make a difficult choice among rival policies, and could not always be sure that he was right, but could at least be sure of this, that it was better for him to stick to his course than to hesitate and wabble.

It is upon this appearance of unsteadiness in the President's political attitude that people are fastening attention. Mr. Taft went through the session of Congress with no love for the insurgents. If he bestowed no great amount of affection upon Cannon and Aldrich and the regular organization, he at least gave them his confidence. It was by their help that he hoped to "get things done"—and, of course, he did get a great many of them done. But after the large success which he won for his legislative programme by means of the regulars, his now offering the chief of them revolvers and daggers with which to commit suicide cannot fail to seem astonishing.

In any such sudden move as the Republican leaders are now contemplating, there is always danger of being misled by mixing up political analogies with military ones. From an army point of view, it may be advisable to remove two or three division commanders even when a battle is under way. If the plans have been demonstrably wrong and the generals incompetent, a change in both cannot be too speedily made. In any event, the troops are there under orders, and can be made to fight whether facing east or west. But how completely all this breaks down in politics! A political general summarily relieved of his command may take half his men with him from the field; those who stay may begin firing at each other, instead of at the enemy, and shoot their new officers in the back—that is "knife" them at the polls. And while soldiers will loyally obey, even when ordered to charge at Cold Harbor, there is no way of making voters cast their ballots at the word of command, or being sure that they will not cast them for the other side. In a word, the military theory of a compact and well-disciplined force led by officers all of one mind, has no application to politics, where the question is of majorities, often conglomerate, and how to get them.

All this is so elementary that it is hard to believe that the friends and advisers of the Administration can be under any illusion about the immediate effect of the party "readjustments." These are, in part, a tacit confession that the party is in a mess. But if that is true with the election only ten weeks away, there is no probability that any reorganization, however drastic, undertaken at this day will help matters. More heartburnings will be created than allayed, while existing jealousies and antagonisms will be intensified. This is so patent that we are bound to infer that the hopes of the Administration are fixed upon next year and the year after, rather than the coming elections. The conception seems to be of a political realignment which, whether it will be of any avail or not in saving New York and Ohio and a Republican House, will put the party in better shape for the future—above all will bring about the support of the Administration by that gentleman at Oyster Bay, whom Wordsworth seems to have had in mind when he wrote of one

> Endued as with a sense
> And faculty for storm and turbulence.

CONSERVATION UNDER FIRE.

Since the Ballinger hearings there has been manifest a strong effort to discredit the policy of conservation. It has taken many forms. In some of the New York papers it shows itself in the shape chiefly of sarcastic flings and loose general assertions of the failure or the futility or the injuriousness of what has been done by the conservationists. More generally, however, there is *pro forma* admission of the principle of conservation together with complaint that it has been carried too far. The call for a conference of Western Governors, for example, which is taking place this week, is of this nature. "We of the State of Washington," says Gov. Hay, "have no quarrel with the principle of conservation, but we feel that it is high time to get down to a practical business basis in carrying out the principle." Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, who has just returned from Alaska, declares that "the demand for conservation is good enough, but it must not go so far as it does at present." Secretary Ballinger, speaking at Portland, Oregon, last Friday, tells us that "the demagogue, the fanatic, the sentimentalist, the faddist, are crusading under the banner of conservation." Senator Guggenheim, in an article in last week's *Independent*, ascribes to the conservationists the obstruction of Alaskan development through an utter failure to understand the conditions which must be met. All these attacks attribute to the conservationists a spirit of indiscriminate obstruction, an utter disregard of the needs of the present in favor of the visionary claims of a remote future.

There may be a grain of truth in these criticisms. Yet they are an extravagant exaggeration. This is emi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nently the case in the matter of the Alaska coal lands. The critics of the conservation policy speak of the necessity of exploitation by strong corporations if the coal fields are to be developed; and they either leave the matter there, or at most go on to say that under existing law this is impossible. In either case, they place the responsibility upon conservationists. But the law which limits the taking up of coal lands in Alaska to small holdings dates from the time when the conservation policy was still to be heard of. One of the first indications of that policy was given in President Roosevelt's forcible presentation of the necessity of a change in the law so as to permit exploitation on a large scale. It was precisely for this purpose that an act was passed by Congress reserving the coal lands not already taken from the workings of the senseless and illogical 160-acre plan, the idea being to permit corporations, by laws later to be enacted, to enter these lands in an open, above-board manner; only, the people were to receive a proper share of the returns. Has any conservationist opposed such legislation? Has any anti-conservationist exerted himself to bring it about? No one would welcome it more than Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Pinchot, or any of the leaders of the conservation movement. What the other side have been interesting themselves in is not remedial legislation, but the expediting of claims more or less tainted with fraud. Development along proper lines the conservationists are eager to have; what they do not want is the old bad way of exploitation without system, without regard to the nation's permanent interests, and very often in flagrant disregard of actual law.

One thing, however, should be clearly and courageously admitted by the advocates of the conservation policy. The demands of immediate business advantage may conflict with the requirements of a firm and far-sighted national policy. Conservationists are not, of course, blind to this, and are not trying to keep national resources from being used. But the whole conservation movement rests —and we must never forget it—upon the fact that the pursuit of immediate profit has resulted in such frightful destruction, such wiping out of unique advantages and opportunities, that thinking men for decades have been agreed in regarding it as a reproach to the national intelligence and the national character. Mr. Roosevelt's merit lay not in discovering this state of things, but in powerfully urging it upon the attention of the country.

It must be constantly borne in mind that in this, as in all matters where individual or local interests are arrayed against public or national interests, the natural gravitation is toward the side on which the interest is most acute and most selfish. In favor of conservation, there can be marshalled only the forces of public opinion and unselfish public service; and these can never be expected to work with the same persistence and continuity as the rival forces. Let there be the tiniest breach in the defences, ever so slight a lapse of vigilance or determination, and the enemy will be sure immediately to make the most of it. In this matter of conservation, the first steps inevitably consisted in guarding against attack the things to be conserved; the measures necessary to be taken for the further management of them required a certain amount of time to mature. Out of this situation, the representatives of individual and local interests eagerly construct an impeachment of the whole policy as one devoid of practical sense. They must not be allowed to make this caricature of the truth pass current. It is only in the vulgar and sordid sense of immediate enrichment that the claim of practicality can be made for the old way of dealing with our mineral and forest resources; the really practical plan is that which the conservation movement aims at, and which, if courageously upheld, it will attain.

PERILS AND DUTIES OF EXECUTIVES.

The attempted assassination of Mayor Gaynor has inevitably revived queries which were in everybody's mouth at the time of the murder of President McKinley. Cannot our high officials be securely guarded from such perils? Is there no way of making the penalty for crimes of this sort so fearful as to prevent them? Should not even criticism of those in responsible position be forbidden as leading to crime? To these questions the answer has to be in the negative. Despite all the precautions that can be taken—and every precaution ought to be taken continuously—it remains true that exposure to the stroke of an assassin has to be set down among the permanent risks of men prominent in public life. As King Humbert coolly said, after his first escape from attempted murder, such things are among the hazards of the trade. The Mayor himself not long ago remarked to a friend who remonstrated with him for going about unguarded, that no one but a lunatic could desire to harm him, and against lunatics it was impossible to be always protected.

The truth that there is in this should not lead us to overlook the other truth, that our chief executives ought to keep near them men skilled in the detection of criminal impulses. The fact that protection cannot be made absolute is no reason for not making it as full as possible. Secret service men are not able to make the life of a President perfectly secure, but they can greatly diminish the hazards; can, as they repeatedly do, turn away cranks and megalomaniacs and half-cracked haunters of men in high office. Moreover, the practised eye of a detective may often perceive a danger invisible to others. More than one person appears to have seen for an instant the revolver in the hand of Gallagher, but had not the instinct of a detective to leap to prevent its use. The argument is conclusive for guarding our Mayors and Governors and Presidents as closely as possible. It is, no doubt, disagreeable for them to feel that they are always under surveillance, but it is their duty to put up with it. They must not shut their eyes to the fact that, in the modern world, dim obsessions leading to crime are at work in many brains. They owe it both to themselves and the public to be on their guard, even though they are fully aware that the peril cannot be wholly removed.

In the case of Mayor Gaynor, the vengeful spirit which led to the murderous attack upon him puts sharply before us the peculiar risks of an official who seeks to render government honest and efficient. Here was an employee discharged for ample cause, brooding over his fancied wrongs, nourishing his resentments and desire for revenge until it took this horrible form. But any executive who determinedly sets about cleaning up the public service, enforcing economies, resolutely cutting out the deadwood, dismissing the incompetent and the crooked, is certain to provoke a great amount of this lurking ill-will. In pri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vate business we have long had instances of assault and even murder by men who have lost their jobs and thrown themselves with insensate fury upon foreman or manager. Such a thing, it is now clear, must be reckoned with in the public business also. It serves to show anew what qualities of resolution and of devotion to duty and even of heroism a conscientious executive must bring to the doing of his work. There is nothing theatrical about it; no waving of banners or marching to the imminent deadly breach; but just a stern and persistent application of sound principles to the service of the people, day by day, even though, as we now see, the rage and malice which such a course arouses in evil natures may lead to criminal acts of personal vengeance. All this gives one a more vivid idea of the possibility of heroes of peace. An executive engaged in the seemingly humdrum work of reform may really be taking his life in his hands every day, and offering it freely to his country. He does not think of this himself; it is well for him that he should not think of it; yet no one with the stuff of a man in him would hesitate to do his full official duty even if he knew that, as a result, assassins would be dogging his footsteps.

We speak of the assassinations of public officials in the United States as "political," yet strictly they are not. Even the murder of Lincoln was so only in an indirect way. The doing to death of Garfield and McKinley was not a political crime in the sense that the assassination of the Czar or of Russian chiefs of police, for example, is such. That is to say, the murderous attempts upon the lives of American executives do not argue a passionate and desperate sense of outrage, a wild fury of hatred of the political system as such. No open-minded foreign historian would ever think of pointing to the assassination of three American Presidents within fifty years as an indication of political upheaval or even of social unrest. There is implied no mad resistance to despotism, no frenzied hope of striking terror into those in power and leading them to change the whole plan of government. American crimes of this kind are correctly to be set down in the chapter of accidents. We deplore them, but we do not need to be plunged into patriotic shame by them. They are among the perils which our executives have to confront, but they do not by themselves argue something rotten in the state, and they certainly have no power to sway an honest official from his duty.

PRIVATE SECRETARIES OF PUBLIC MEN.

The position of private secretary to a man in public life has been longer established in England, and has meant more, than in this country. There it has been a recognized stepping-stone to political or governmental promotion. Lord Rowton would never have been the figure he was but for having served so long as Disraeli's private secretary. To mention the names of two living men, of greater eminence, who began as private secretaries to statesmen, we may remind our readers that both Lord Milner and Lord Cromer served in that capacity. It would be hard to match those three names from the list of American private secretaries. Colonel Hay could, of course, hold his own with the Englishmen, though his work for Lincoln at the White House was not the direct means by which he rose to become Ambassador and Secretary of State. From him we have to drop to Mr. Cortelyou, who has now gone into business, and to Mr. Loeb, whose future is as yet on the lap of the gods—though his friends are saying to him, as to another Macbeth, Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be——?

It is easy to see why private secretaries have not with us risen so often or so high as with the English. In the first place, political success has not here depended so much as it does in England upon training. Any man might at any moment get any office. Nominations have been made in such mysterious ways as to give point to Webster's sneer at Taylor, that if he could be named for the Presidency, no man was safe. But a stronger reason lies in the fact that private secretaryships have in the United States been so often disposed of as "plums." This method has been employed especially by Congressmen. When you penetrate into Senator Sorghum's office you will probably find that his private secretary is a son named Dolce Farniente Sorghum, while Miss Sacharissa Sorghum is assistant. Somebody else, of course, does the work, but they draw the pay. So long as nepotism or political influence governs such appointments, we cannot expect to find the average private secretary displaying the knowledge and special aptitudes which promise that he will go far.

At the same time, a growing importance is undeniably attached in this country to the work of private secretaries of men in high office. It springs inevitably out of the increasing amount of public business pressing upon their chiefs, and out of the heightened need for some one to control the way in which it shall be presented, to apportion the great man's time, and to decide who shall see him and what his engagements shall be. One night last week there was a dinner in London of the Parliamentary private secretaries. They had some good stories to tell of their profession and of their varied adventures, and one letter, said to be authentic, was read which illustrates our present point. A constituent who had written to his M. P. earnestly desiring an interview received the following from the member's private secretary:

> Dear Sir: I am desired by Mr. —— —— to say that if the matter is important he will see you at the House on Thursday next at three, but if it is *really* important, I think you had better come to me direct.
>
> Yours faithfully, —— ——, private secretary.

A private secretary whom his political superior implicitly trusts has a chance to possess great power. Not only has he to keep the latter's calendar, supervise his coming and going, sift out those who are to be admitted to his presence, while turning away the others, but he has very much to do with the form in which a great deal of routine business is laid before his chief. In other words, he comes with the details of it all arranged to his own mind, and with a decision practically made up in advance. "Here is another letter," he will say, "from Jobson about that supply-contract; I suppose I am to write him as before that you are not yet ready to award it?" It is this power of gentle insinuation that is lodged with the private secretary, this real control under the guise of deferential suggestion, which causes so many eager or despairing men to crowd into the room of the private secretary and beg him to "lay it before the old man." They go upon the unacknowledged but really weighty motto: "Let who will have the favors to dispense provided that I may be on good terms with his private secretary."

If the functions of the private secre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tary have become more important, certainly the appreciation of him has become more warm. How deep is the indebtedness which many an executive feels for the man who has stood at his elbow, not only to give advice and carry out orders, but to save from worries! The relation is often one of great intimacy. When the fullest confidence is justified and given on either side, the result is a sort of mixed pride and dependence which brings two men as closely together as any experience in life. No wonder that private secretaries of Mayors and Governors and Presidents are sometimes thought of as a privileged class, who have to be "taken care of" when the term of public office ceases. Their employers, on such occasions, may well contend that they are but giving back something of the care that has so long been taken of them.

ON READING BOOKS THROUGH.

In the face of the unending stream of new books which pours from the press, and of the marvellously cheap editions of "standard writers" which crowd the shelves of department stores, it is difficult to believe that Americans are not a reading people. Books, like other commodities, are produced because there are customers to buy them; and while some, doubtless, are bought merely for display, on the theory that it is a good thing to have books in the house, the larger number are bought to be read.

In one respect, however, the reading habit is developing in a way which does not bode well for either culture or popular education. We refer to the apparently growing disinclination to read a book through. From the summer girl who skims the pages of the latest novel "just to get the story," to the lawyer searching for authorities, or the university student gathering material for a thesis, there seems to be a widespread impression that books, especially those of the larger or more serious sort, need not be read from cover to cover, but are quite sufficiently known when one has dipped into them for this or that bit of information, or glanced at their contents for a general notion of what the author has to say. Historians, of course, must have their introductions, novelists their descriptions of scenery, philosophers their summaries of previous systems; but it is rather old-fashioned to think of reading carefully all this stuff; and, besides, it takes time, and there are a great many other books to be examined.

There are, of course, vast numbers of books which are worthy of no more attention than this, as there are others whose main value lies simply in the facts which they chronicle. Readers, too, differ so widely in their powers and needs that no uniform rule can be applied to all. But the practice of skimming, or of using nearly all books as though they were encyclopædias or dictionaries, entails a peril both intellectual and artistic. It is almost certain to do the author an injustice; and even an author may fairly ask to be treated with respect. A really good history or biography, for example, is something much more than a collection of materials. It represents the writer's conception of a great period or a notable career, and his effort to treat it as a whole; and we may no more neglect a part of it than we may wash out certain details of a picture and still have a work of art. Similarly with books of speculation, theory, or exposition; if they are anything more than a mere recital of facts or conclusions already familiar, their statements on particular points are likely to be of limited value unless we observe how they fit into the larger treatment of the subject as a whole.

Illustrations of the neglect of which we have been speaking are readily to be found. A copy of Morley's three-volume "Life of Gladstone," picked from among the discarded duplicates of a circulating library, shows the first volume thumbed and loose-leaved, the second only moderately worn, and the third virtually as good as new. Three recent doctors of philosophy of one of our oldest universities, specialists in English history, economics, and philosophy, respectively, confessed without apparent chagrin that they had never read the whole of Green's "Short History" or Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," or Mill's "Logic"; and this notwithstanding that their theses showed bristling bibliographies in which these several works were cited. In the field of history, particularly, the use of the so-called "library method" of instruction, emphasizing the use of many books rather than the thorough study of a few, seems positively to have discouraged the reading of anything save "extracts" and "selections"; while more than one contemporary reference manual for history classes shows little beyond such scrappy and unsatisfying indications as "On this topic read Macaulay, Vol. III, pp. 195-207."

One cannot help suspecting, also, that in this perversion of the reading habit we have a partial explanation of the mediocre literary quality of much contemporary scholarly writing, and of the overwhelming preponderance of monographs and special studies. To write a learned work which shall also be readable would be, in the eyes of more than one American scholar, little short of a crime, a sort of overt act of treason to science; while to attempt a definitive treatment of a large subject is to disregard the demands of "accuracy," and bow before the altar of literary effectiveness. Moreover, to read a book through requires a distinct measure of mental concentration and intellectual repose, joined to artistic interest; qualities in contrast to the feverish concern for details and for rapid publications which has come to beset the path of learning. Yet we are confident that he who always has at hand some large and worthy book, and who sets himself patiently and cheerfully to the task of reading the whole of it, is laying a sounder foundation of culture than he who ransacks his hundred authorities for bits and scraps. For the books which, surviving the competition of time, still stand as landmarks of intellectual progress, are those which unite learning with artistic completeness and literary attractiveness; and such books are not to be mastered, or their nutriment assimilated, save by reading them as a whole.

FRENCH HISTORY.

PARIS, August 5.

"La Révolution et l'église" (Armand Colin: 320 pages—3.50 francs) and "Le Club des Cordeliers" (H. Champion: 400 pages, 8vo.—7.50 francs), both by Albert Mathiez, are important researches at first hand in the history of the French Revolution. It is not without passing significance that their author is president of the Society of "Etudes Robespierristes." An attempt has been made to set down all writers on such subjects either with Aulard, who accepts the Revolution as far as Danton, or with Taine, who rejects it altogether. M. Mathiez promises to rank with both,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but he stands with neither; he is sometimes between the two, he advances sometimes as far as Robespierre himself. Like the others, he has prejudices and that misunderstanding which is due to ignorance, not of documents, but of the ideas of other people; nevertheless he struggles for independence in his judgments. He recognizes that "the historian ought not to question the past in formulas of the present." Even in contemporary history, terms common to all have not the same meaning in different religions and parties. In this vital respect, the documentary methods of M. Mathiez are less dangerous than those of Professor Aulard. His citations are regularly full enough to enable the reader to judge for himself whether they have been rightly interpreted.

The general interest of the questions is plain, if only for the light they shed on France of our own day. No historian has been more assiduous than our author in lining up the past with the present. He treats in successive chapters the *philosophes* and the separation of Church and State; the publishing of early Revolutionary decrees by the clergy in Church; Robespierre and the de-Christianizing process; the legal status of religions and the civic cult under the first Separation; Theo-philanthropists and the Directory; private, public (and clandestine) worship; and the eve and morrow of Bonaparte's Concordat of 1802. Robespierre's fear that the anti-religious policy of the Revolution might alienate the United States, and the danger of the Genêt affair, which Paul Mantoux has just treated completely, come up by the way (pages 92, 93, 117).

M. Mathiez acknowledges that the ten years he has given to his subject "have not been sufficient for him to take complete possession of it." He is very certain that churchmen are not better qualified for the study of such religious history than those whom he calls "laïques" (he seems to mean, not "laymen" in the English sense, but un-religious and non-Catholic "neutrals," such as French free-thinkers demand for school teachers). He emphasizes the difficulty for "priests" or "ecclesiastics" to "enter into the minds of the Church's enemies or of simple *laïques*"; and he adds that "even in the Church priests are only a minority." To prove this incompetence, he begins from the fact that the priest will be "a convinced believer." This at once rules out from the writing of history concerning the Church and religion not only priests, but all sincere Catholics.

In defence of his own position, M. Mathiez adds with a show of temper: "The point of view of the faith is at bottom irreconcilable with the point of view of science. . . . Unbelievers, it appears, are incapable of comprehending ecclesiastical things and of speaking about them without hatred. The reader will say whether I merit the reproach, which makes one smile when uttered by ecclesiastics." To this use of words with a tendency like "ecclesiastic" may be added "mystic cults," "mysticism," to express "religions" and "religion"—an instance, constantly recurring among certain recent French writers, of what Professor Abbot of the City of London School classified for his students of rhetoric as "technical slang." If history is ever to approximate to truth, if the reader is ever to be free from the danger of being caught unawares by controversy where he thought to find history, it will be necessary to start from a less one-sided principle. Unbelievers and believers are regularly in equal ignorance of what others than themselves, living or dead, think and feel in actions that concern religion; and history concerns itself with actions.

In common with most French writers M. Mathiez supposes that the sovereignty of the state is absolute, that all human activity falls under political control, and that all this is compatible with "entire liberty in entire equality." Americans have constantly to examine, in reading such works, how far this can be made to square with our own fundamental principle of government limited by written constitutions, and, in particular, with our "religious liberty," for this is the traditional formula which for us takes the place of the French separation of Church and State. Roman Catholics, naturally, will deny our author's constant supposition of the state's right to impose on them a civil constitution of their clergy, as was the case during the Revolution, and a civil organization of their religion itself, as in the present Separation law. And they may rightfully reproach him with ignoring consistently that essential of living Roman Catholic faith—the unity or communion of faithful with priests, priests with bishops, bishops with Pope—which everywhere, and not in France only, hinders every political attempt to set up a nominally Roman Catholic religion separate from the Roman Catholic church. This fundamental error, with the echo of present passions too fresh to enter into impartial history, has to be corrected by the reader, who wishes to profit by the very valuable and new historical material presented in the various chapters of the book.

The considerable volume on the Club of the Cordeliers is not open to the same criticism and is of yet greater value to the general student of the time. It is composed of the writings and acts of the Cordeliers and the documents of the Champ de Mars trial, exactly reprinted, with concise explanations and notes by M. Mathiez:

> The Cordeliers played the chief part in the events which occurred from Louis the Sixteenth's flight to Varennes until the massacre of the Champ de Mars. They really took the direction of the democratic movement; and it was no fault of theirs that the monarchy was not overthrown in the month of June, 1791, at a time when France was still at peace at home and abroad. To study the democratic and republican agitation after the flight to Varennes, the best outlook would seem to be from the Club of Cordeliers. From this central point, the deeds of the personages and the motives of their actions must appear more distinctly than from any other.

Among the personages, Lafayette intervenes significantly; if not the "icy pedant" of Carlyle, he had certainly meddlesome, schoolmasterly ways, which showed no understanding of what was happening around him. The book has a good index.

"Le Comte d'Artois et l'expédition de l'Ile d'Yeu" (H. Champion: 165 pages—2 francs) is a little book of "errors in history" about the future Charles the Tenth. It is the rehabilitation, perhaps exact, of one who neither then nor later when king showed himself able to recover a cause lost beforehand. This episode is, at most another indictment of the "politique égoïste" charged against England by atavistic Royalists. "La Conversion et la mort de M. de Talleyrand" is an account of this once disputed event by one of the five witnesses, the historian Baron de Barante. It is now brought out by his grandson on the occasion of the recent decisive publication of a contemporary letter of Talleyrand's niece, the Duchess de Dino, to the Abbé Dupanloup, who received the death-bed retraction. The enigma was not really so great as it seemed, for others swept away by the Revolution retained their early faith in the bottom of their hearts. Its importance in history comes only from the light shed on a generation hard to understand amid Revolution and counter-Revolution.

"Nos Libertés politiques" (A. Colin: 470 pages—5 francs), by Maurice Caudel, professor at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, is not a history; but it treats historically questions which are fundamental in French history and which English readers have to know, if they are to understand the revolutionary changes going on among Latin countries. M. Caudel begins with the fact that the problem of political liberties, which, in England and America, has been met, has not yet been solved in France; and he explains why, in France, the difficulty is so great. The idea of the state under the Old Régime, its strength and weakness; the first effort to change with the Rights of Man in 1789; confidence in legislative bodies; the results in the succeeding Revolutionary crisis; the second effort, and weakness of liberties from 1815 to 1870; the reconstruction, in the constitution of the republic in 1875, and the persistence of arbitrary government by the legislative

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

body, with the citizen's weakness, are all duly studied.

"Révolutions de la Perse" (A. Colin; 368 pages—4 francs), by Victor Bérard, is perhaps the completest exposition yet made of new Persia in geographic space and in succession of time. It begins, summarily, with the witnesses and facts of the late revolutions. Next, it situates at length this new Persia which is "neither a state nor a nation" nor even a "monarchical federation," but rather "a royal herd of wandering peoples with a few isles of sedentary population." To the empire of the Turk Kadjar dynasty, whose power revolution is so violently limiting, 325 pages are given. The story of the revolution reaches to May of this year. There is a good map from Vidal-Lablache, but the table of contents is not full enough for a work of so much value for reference. M. Bérard has long been an authority on the political bearing of Mohammedan states. For him Persia has become a centre of the world's politics. Unless Russia and England keep on uniting their interests in Central Asia by respecting the territorial integrity of Persia and the Shah's authority, the balance of power in Europe itself will be overthrown. He believes that England is heedful; he is not so sure of Russia; and he finds for Persia, as was certainly the case with Turkey, a safeguard against the German advance.

"La Crise anglaise" (A. Colin; 287 pages—3.50 francs), by Philippe Millet, has more importance than the intelligent and entertaining account of an English electoral campaign, which the author followed day by day, in London and in country constituencies, as correspondent of the Paris *Temps*. He is competently equipped for the practical studies he presents of the Constitutional reform which is now uppermost; of the financial problem which is too often neglected; of the land question; and of free trade and tariff reform—"religions," as he terms them—with their bearing on France and incidentally on the United States. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In a recent number of *Notes and Queries* Col. W. F. Prideaux tells of his discovery of an undescribed small octavo edition of "The Deserted Village" of Oliver Goldsmith, having the imprint "London: Printed for J. Barker, Russell Court, Drury Lane."

There seems to be no limit to the number of contemporary editions of this famous poem. On the 26th of May, 1770, the first edition was published, a quarto printed in large type, with imprint "London: Printed for W. Griffin, at Garrick's Head, in Catherine-street, Strand, M DCC LXX.," and with an engraving by Isaac Taylor, showing the watercress woman telling her sorrowful story to the pilgrim leaning on his staff. Of this first edition copies also were printed on thick paper, of which there was one in the Rowfant collection. Before the end of the year 1770, five other quarto editions, called on the half-title, "Second Edition," "Third Edition," etc., to "Sixth Edition," were published.

There also appeared three small octavo editions, all having the identical imprint and date of the first quarto, but differing in minor typographical particulars. These three editions are without the vignette on the title-page, having only a small built-up printers' ornament.

Considerable stress has been laid upon the fact that in one of these three little octavo editions the word "hand" is misprinted "head" in line 37:

"Amidst thy bowers the tyrants hand is seen,"

and it has been claimed that these octavos antedated the editions in quarto. In a rather exhaustive comparison of nine 1770 editions printed in *The Bookman* for February, 1901, the present writer took that position. He wishes now, publicly, to express his present belief that the first quarto was the actual first edition, and that, while the small octavo editions are extremely interesting bibliographically, they have, none of them, any actual first edition value.

Now comes Col. Prideaux with another small octavo edition, undated, with an entirely different imprint, and with a badly executed vignette "Mutlow & Woodman, sculpt." on title, which, as it is reversed, is undoubtedly a copy. Further, his specimen has also the misprint "head" for "hand" in line 37. Goldsmith himself altered several words in the second quarto edition, and these changes were followed in all later editions. As the small octavos with Griffin's imprint, as well as the new one bearing Barker's name, all followed the text of the first quarto, we may be certain that they (or the first of them, at least) were printed from a copy of that edition. Professor Masson says that during that latter half of 1770 "the lovely village of Auburn was in all men's fancies" and that "passages of the poem were in every mouth." It seems most probable, therefore, that the many editions illustrate the demand for the book, and their scarcity is due to the slight character of the little pamphlets and to the fact that they were so much read.

That we have not yet reached the end of our reckoning of editions is shown by the fact that in a catalogue of James Tregaskis, a London bookseller, just issued, there is offered another undated edition described as a small octavo and with the imprint "London: Printed for the Booksellers in Town and Country." The catalogue does not give definite particulars but has this note: "The excessively rare pirated edition made instantly on the success of the first issue of the poem, and following all the points of the first issue, which were altered in the later issues."

The poem was at once reprinted in Dublin by J. Exshaw, and Anderson in his bibliography of Goldsmith gives a "second edition" Dublin, 1770. This is the only small octavo edition given by him, for 1770, though we now know that not less than seven such editions were printed.

A facsimile reprint, from types, not photographic, of John Gutenberg's forty-two line Bible, printed in Mainz between 1450 and 1453 is in preparation by the Insel Verlag, Leipzig. It is to be a copy with reproductions of the miniatures and illuminations of the example, printed on vellum, in the Berlin Royal Library. A supplementary volume, by Dr. P. Schwenke, director in chief of the Berlin Library, will accompany the facsimile. It will contain reproductions of existing fragments of earlier printing by Gutenberg, which show, as far as can be done, the earlier stages of the art. It will also contain a detailed description of existing copies and a facsimile of the original binding. Three hundred copies are to be printed on paper, price £35 sewed, or £42 10s. bound, and a few copies, not more than twenty, on vellum, price, unbound £150.

"A Bibliography of American Books relating to Prints and the Art and History of Engraving," prepared by Howard C. Levis, has just been printed at the Chiswick Press in an edition limited to 150 copies. Mr. Levis says that the list was originally prepared at the request of M. Gustave Bourcard of Paris, for inclusion in his great work "Graveurs et Gravures, France et Etranger" (Paris, 1910). As here printed it is likely to prove useful. Collations are given for many important titles, and cross-references are frequent. The frontispiece is a portrait of Washington printed from an original block engraved by Alexander Anderson.

Correspondence.

THE NEED OF A NEW HUMANISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The July number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains three essays on education which might well be read and pondered by every teacher in the country. I refer to Mr. Brooks Adams's "A Problem in Civilization," Prof. E. A. Sisson's "An Educational Emergency," and Mr. John Jay Chapman's "Learning." Though evidently written in entire independence of each other, these essays fit together almost as if their authors had collaborated. Mr. Adams is concerned with the lack of training in the power to discriminate and correlate which he finds in our schools. This power, he points out, is becoming absolutely essential, not only to the development, but to the very life of our civilization. Professor Sisson's criticism is based on the lack of training for character. He remarks that we are the only civilized nation in the world which provides no definite moral education for its school-children, and compares with our negligence in this respect the elaborate system of moral instruction provided by France, a country where, as here, religious instruction in the public schools is out of the question. It is evident that these essays deal with different phases of the same problem. The lack of training for power to discriminate and correlate involves and includes the lack of training for character. Training for character necessarily means training in discrimination and correlation. It is thus on the human, rather than on the purely intellectual, side that both these writers attack our educational system.

The third essay, Mr. Chapman's "Learning," cuts deeper than either of the others, inasmuch as it indicates more clearly the real cause of these weaknesses. Mr. Chapman is concerned particularly with another weak point in our schools and colleges—the lack of idealistic and imaginative train-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing. This also is a fault on the human side; and in pointing out the cause of it, Mr. Chapman puts his finger on at least one cause of the other weaknesses, as well. In a word, the cause is the neglect of the human element in our training. The people are demanding from the schools and universities, and the schools and universities are encouraging them to demand, what has been called "training for efficiency"—a term which, in practice, means training for money-making and worldly success. It means, at least, the subordination of everything else to this one thing. It has meant the crowding out of the old humanistic study of the classics, which resulted in no immediate cash values, and the substitution for it of various courses of study which do result in such values. But for the discipline of imagination and character, which the old study of the classics gave, the new education offers no substitute. I say advisedly the *old* study of the classics; for the new "scientific" study of the classics is as far from humanistic as the study of the parasites of insects is.

I do not mean to assert that the neglect of Latin and Greek is in itself the cause of those grave failures in our system which the *Atlantic* essayists point out; I do believe that our overemphasis on the scientific and practical side of education, and the resulting neglect of the human side, is directly and primarily responsible for these failures. Of this neglect, the passing of Greek and Latin and the "scientific" method of studying literature are only striking symptoms.

A true humanism has for its aims the study and the development of character; the cultivation of the powers of discrimination and correlation; the training of the imagination, and the strengthening of the spiritual vision. One method of approaching these ends must necessarily be the study of history and literature from the human, not from the scientific, point of view. Perhaps another will be the inauguration of some such scheme of moral instruction as Professor Sisson desiderates. The present state of affairs is well summarized by him in a single sentence:

> It almost seems that we live to-day on a sort of second level of barbarism; for just as the barbarian lives in bondage to the material world of nature, so we tend to fall into the bondage of the material things of our own creation.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

La Jolla, Cal., July 29.

DRAVIDIANS AND CAUCASIANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The fact that I have maintained that the Dravidians are Caucasians, in my "History of Caste in India," has been noticed and criticised in the *Nation* for July 28. Reference to this statement unaccompanied by the general criticism of the science of ethnology in my book is likely to cause some misunderstanding. By that statement I did not mean that the Dravidians are descended from the supposed Caucasian stock. I consider that the present physical similarity and dissimilarity are a distinct question from the question of descent. I have held that the Dravidians are Caucasians only in the sense of similarity, not of descent. I may also add that the appearance of the anthropologic data published by the government of Madras (in Thurston's "Castes and Tribes of Southern India," Madras, 1909), which reached America after my book was published, would compel me to reconsider my statement. SHRIDHAR V. KETKAR.

Cornell University, August 6.

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent discussion in the *Nation* on the pronunciation of Latin might well have brought up a wider review of a serious situation. As for the primary question, any of several reasons make a return to "the English method" unthinkable.

There *is* no "method" in our chaotic English spelling. Practically all other languages give to the vowels, a, e, i, the sounds heard in la, re, mi, while in English the commonest sounds, and even the very names, of these letters are utterly eccentric. The first step, in beginning any foreign language, with English-speaking pupils, is to get the names and sounds of the vowels right. I am inclined to advocate, first of all, several weeks' study of the Italian element in English, largely musical terms rightly pronounced. But Latin, above all, the accepted gateway to Greek and Oriental languages on the one hand, to Romance on the other, must be rationally treated from the first day. American pupils, generally, never grasp the fundamental idea of an alphabet; a sign for each sound, a sound for each sign; and they are wretched linguists.

Within three or four decades a radical reform has been measurably accomplished. A generation has arisen accustomed, if not reconciled, to rightly spoken Latin. Another somersault, a backward one at that, might be suicidal.

The word is deliberately chosen. There is real hostility, a serious attack is in prospect, against the position of Latin in the secondary schools. The Hellenist, whose cause is lost there, begs his Roman brethren to take warning betimes. Greek, in the popular regard, is sinking toward the position of Hebrew; it has already met Spanish on the rise. An examiner remarked the other day that not one youth out of ten who are looking to Yale now includes Greek among his preparatory studies. And yet, until this year, it has enjoyed a substantial handicap there. Such exceptional advantages it will not long retain anywhere. In the women's colleges few have ever entered on Greek, and a waning minority even elect it. Most liberal colleges already offer beginners' courses, which are by no means popular. Soon in very few schools will there be even such a survival, for the sake of the future theological student or others. Certainly the "dead" languages can not recover the seven out of sixteen unit-courses which they used to hold in the ordinary four-year preparation for college. Hellenism may yet regain its full honor as the true source of liberal culture, of literary form, and of the plastic arts. The fight for the intellectual life itself is not to be given up. But in the schools Greek foresees no revival.

Latinists should already be alert on the defensive. On the extreme hostile left, President Schurman is reported as denying the need or especial value of *any* language save the vernacular! There are said to be instructors in English, teaching undergraduates of at least one great Eastern university, who themselves never studied either Greek or Latin. I believe an American innocent of classicism cannot know aright his own vocabulary, nor the nature of language itself, nor fairly realize that intimate dependence of the present on the remote past which is, perhaps, the chief lesson of philosophy. Whatever comfort be distilled from statistics by such incurable optimists as Dean West, it is to be hoped Latinists will awake to the peril, will unite—the last thing scholars learn to do—and make practical effort to keep alive this great taproot of all serious historical, legal, and of course linguistic study. To this end the good will of the general public, and even of the schoolboy, must be fairly won and held.

Poor as is the wage, slight the social or political influence, humiliating even the tenure, of the average college professor, yet it would be easy to name a dozen well-known Latin specialists who are securely settled in honorable chairs, with decent salaries, and some leisure for service to the general cause. What is their output?

First, probably, a new or revised elementary grammar, very likely an accompanying primer, striving to blaze an ever more direct path to the delights of Cæsar. This to dominate, and exploit, the fitting schools, of whose denizens the learned professor may know more or less.

Meantime, the gateway into college—that is, theirs, the classical gate—has long been defended, not to say, barred, by three mighty *aggeres* that must first be wearily climbed; three large masses of Latin, originally intended for adults, two of which, even in the clearest English versions, are all but wholly uninteresting, the third largely incomprehensible, to average schoolchildren of this century. There is moderate cause for gratitude in the "options" just devised; save one. Some schoolmasters remembered that there was one Latin author who would make even Orgetorix and Ariovistus seem human by comparison; now Sallust is restored to them. If any piece of prose be more dismally unfit to rouse an echo of interest, in an unspoiled youthful reader, than is his "Catiline," it has not swum into our ken.

But in Aulus Gellius, Seneca, Pliny, Apuleius, yes, in Livy and Cicero alone, are materials which, simplified, or even wholly recast, might be moulded into reading-books truly progressive, interesting, and valuable. The creation of such a book or books should unite the best energies of all the best Latinists; it should not be controlled by any mercenary or commercial consideration. Schoolmen cannot take the initiative, because, even in the intercollegiate examinations, the colleges have a preponderant power.

Again, the classical scholar often insists that his specialty is most helpful, all but essential, to the best English style. What books, what essays, do our most fortunate brethren put forth, to illustrate by example the results of this beneficent influence? As an assistant on the big Warner "Library," the present writer had often to turn as he might the genially satirical edge of Charles Dudley Warner's favorite remark, to the effect that the typical professor has so "buried himself in books that he can bring

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forth nothing interesting or intelligible to the reading public." But is not Mr. Warner (and Cicero) at least half-right? Must not the tree be judged largely by its ripe and edible figs or the lack of them? One Latin masterpiece has been served up, in recent years, as a special tribute to American taste: Petronius's "Trimalchio"! Occasionally a graceful essayist revisits the Sabine farm. It sufficeth not.

There is, however, still a third possible audience. I do not recall meeting a single busy professional or commercial American, not a teacher, who really "kept up" his Greek. With Latin it certainly need not be so. Nearly every college man has a pleasant recollection of Horace if not of Virgil. The vocabulary is so upheld by English derivatives that it is mostly retained in the memory. Every large-minded pleader or orator can draw real benefit from Cicero's "Pro Murena," the "Pro Cluentio," and particularly the "Philippics," against Antony. Every cleric may seek inspiration from Augustine if not from Seneca; Tacitus, again, as a master of style can teach caustic force, pictorial vividness, and brevity, to the cleverest modern essayist. All these can be made sufficiently easy, or can at any rate be made to yield large instruction, for men of middle or riper age, once fairly imbued with Latin; but only in one way. They all require translations, at once truthful and readable, preferably on parallel pages of large-print library editions.

But if the competent comfortably-settled specialist be scornfully indifferent to all save elementary text-books on the one hand, and pursuit of recondite special problems of dialectology, syntax, etc., on the other—verily he shall dree his ain weird. But those that come after may suffer.

WM. C. LAWTON.

Scranton, Pa., August 1.

Literature.

OUTLOOK OF THE YOUNG TURK.

The Fall of Abdul-Hamid. By Francis McCullagh. With a preface by His Excellency Mahmud Shefket Pasha. With 10 illustrations and a map. London: Methuen & Co.

Nothing probably, among all the new experiences with which the student of the East must deal when he actually comes face to face with his subject, is so perturbing as the close semblance of an organized conspiracy of misinformation of which he, sooner or later, becomes conscious. For a time—it may be long or short—he asks, is told, and is satisfied; but there is a day when he realizes that ninety per cent. of that copious and confident information cannot possibly be what it pretends. In very many cases he can reach no conception why his informants are so full of misinformation: they can have no interest in so misleading him. But gradually he learns that Orientals, with a large proportion of Europeans and Americans who have lived long in the East, have, on one side, no feeling for agreement with fact, and, on another, have as great an abhorrence as nature of a vacuum. Before emptiness of knowledge they are like children and grasp at anything with which to fill out the void. Of course, if they really know and have no interest in substituting something else for what they know, they will give facts. But when they have no facts, they will certainly give something else. And in so doing, be it remembered, they have first deceived themselves. This may seem like a railing accusation, and there are certainly exceptions, but those who know the East know this, too, to their sorrow.

In consequence of this it is of primary importance in the East to reach the men who know and to pay no attention to any one else. And no one really knows who is not actually on the spot, in contact with the occurrence. Another link in the chain brings such uncertainty that the prudent observer will avoid all such evidence. Now, Mr. McCullagh's book, compared with others dealing with the second Turkish revolution, has this peculiar value, that its writer fell most luckily into the very centre of events and into contact with the people who were making that decisive bit of history. From the middle of the picture he tells of occurrences at which even so privileged an onlooker as Sir William Ramsay—see his "Revolution in Constantinople and Turkey"—could only guess. With this of necessity went a certain disadvantage. During the days of panic and apparent chaos from the mutiny of April 13 on, only two parties in Constantinople can have seen clearly the trend of events. The promoters of the mutiny are dead, exiled, vanished, and from them no sound has come or will come, while those leaders of the Young Turks who saw their way through and finally brought their country out, can hardly be expected to give a perfectly unbiassed report. Yet we must follow them or nothing, and there can hardly be any doubt that their statement of the case will be very close to the final finding of history. And there can be still less doubt that Shefket Pasha's word on his own actions—and he is one of Mr. McCullagh's chief authorities, quoted immediately some ten times—can be accepted implicitly.

So taking the book as a frank statement from the Young Turk point of view, it is one of quite extraordinary interest and value. Beginning with the opening of Parliament in December, 1908, it traces the resultant situation and its elements—the Committee, Abd al-Hamid himself, the *Ahrar* or "Liberals," the Mohammedan League, the personality of Kiamil Pasha, the returned exiles from Europe and how they behaved, the private soldier and how he took it all—through the general disillusionment to the mutiny. Then the rising of Macedonia, the gathering of troops and the march on the city, its capture and the fall of Abd al-Hamid. In one thing only was Mr. McCullagh unhappy. He does not seem to have been in Turkey at the first revolution, and did not know the great outburst of relief, joy, and brotherhood—that first fine careless rapture—which was so soon obscured. The present reviewer was in Damascus when the revolution broke out, and it was his great good fortune to travel from Beirut to Constantinople with a shipload of returning exiles. The scenes on that boat and thereafter in Constantinople itself were not of a kind ever to be forgotten. To see aged Turkish generals kiss each other with tears on their wrinkled faces, or a Greek priest in full canonicals being led round S. Sophia by a turbaned Muslim verger, and to hear that verger with joyful countenance proclaim, "We are all brothers now; there is no difference"; to march through the streets of Constantinople in a mixed procession of Muslims and Armenians, after a memorial service in the Armenian cathedral for all the Muslims dead under the tyranny; to hear that Greek and Bulgarian bishops in storm-rent Macedonia had embraced with an emotion which, for the time, was evidently real and that the Macedonian question was solved; to know all these things—even though Yildiz lay glittering and silent on the slope above the city, and all were well assured that behind those walls was hidden guile enough to disrupt the fairest fellowship and that the city itself and the country were full of material on which the great Sultan could work—was enough to give the lie for a time to our growing doubts of democracy and to turn us again to the old ringing line, "Freedom makes men to have liking."

But it is with the period of growing discouragement, uncertainty, and fears that this book begins. The brilliant opening of the Parliament is described, but the atmosphere then had promise of storm. The sordid intrigues of the different communities had begun, and the unity of the Ottoman Empire no longer seemed so easy. And the opposition which had developed was not healthy. The non-Muslim elements of the population were not honestly taking up their part of the burden and learning to live and let live, sunk in the people as a whole. But, clinging tenaciously to that community-existence in which the Turks so long had separated them and ruled them, they were even, with now almost incredible blindness, looking back to the rule of the Sultan as better than that of the committee which would make them Ottoman citizens—Turks as they would say—and while it gave them rights would also impose duties. The debates over the school-law, over language and over army-service all brought out this irresponsibility; and a mush-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

room press, especially in its Greek forms, added conscienceless venom to the strife. On the Muslim side, too, doubt had entered. It was one thing to be relieved of the terror of the Sultan—and that had weighed with more persistent pressure on Muslims than on Christians—but it was another thing for the foundations of Islam to be shaken. And there is no question that for a time things moved too fast for prudence. Women threw back their veils and even had a club-house; a school was started for the education of girls; the Young Turk officers and leaders were notoriously irreligious—on the voyage to Constantinople, the present reviewer saw only one man saying his prayers. In the army, there were special difficulties. Officers raised from the ranks by Abd al-Hamid, and always his especial tools, were steadily retired. The army had to drill as it had never drilled before. When prayer-time came in the midst of duty, prayers had to be neglected. To become immersed in prayer has always been a way in Islam of avoiding unpleasing tasks. The attempt was even made to keep the hodjas out of the barracks, and the soldiers were warned that they should pay attention to none save their officers and Allah. Exactly what and how great a part—it may here be thrown in—the clergy of Islam, to use a convenient term, played in the great reaction, is very obscure. Multitudes of the inferior ranks were undoubtedly used by the fomenters of the mutiny, but many of the higher clergy worked with the committee. In S. Sophia itself, a series of sermons was preached to prove that parliamentary government was not inconsistent with Islam, and the Shaikh al-Islam made no difficulty about issuing the *fetva* of deposition. But that the Ulama took no steps against the mutineers, even seemed to join them and certainly advised yielding to their demands, was only to be expected. Islam has always admitted the sacred right of insurrection and even lays it as a duty on the individual to deal personally and immediately with any infraction of the divine law. In Turkey this has often taken the form of *émeutes* by the army, and the official Ulama, in Turkey and elsewhere, have always shown themselves ready to accept the *de facto* governments which have thence resulted. A final source of instability lay in the thousands of spies and unnecessary government employees who were thrown out of occupation by the revolution.

Out of all these and from the necessity of some form of parliamentary opposition sprang the so-called *Ahrar*, or Liberals, and the Mohammedan Association. The first was a miscellaneous crowd of critics of the methods of the committee, fairly honest but without essential coherence or definite ideas except an inclination towards decentralized government. The second was simply a palace conspiracy. Both, first or last, were the well-used tools of Abd al-Hamid. And so, probably, not even the *Times* ever made such a mistake as when it backed the Liberals with all its influence, while the English support of Kiamil Pasha was a good example of English obtuseness in foreign policy.

Of all this perplexed situation Mr. McCullagh gives an excellent and clear account. His sources were authoritative and he used them discreetly. Again and again he cites information given directly not only by Shefket Pasha and other Young Turk leaders, but also by Kiamil, Mukhtar, and Hilmi Pashas. In this way, from the very words of the latter, their demoralization and collapse when the conspiracy broke out are vividly contrasted with the swift decision of the march of the avenging army. Plainly, a dictatorship was needed and an amply adequate dictator was there. Perhaps the most striking of these bits of decisive information is Shefket Pasha's contradiction of the tale that his entry into the city was hastened by any information as to an impending general massacre (p. 50). He did learn on the morning of April 23—and only so far is that tale true—that the First and Second Army Divisions would not take the oath of allegiance, and he therefore hastened to anticipate their further action (p. 212). With this should be contrasted, and the contrast will be found luminous for "facts" in the East, the apparently perfectly authenticated story told by Sir William Ramsay, on pp. 83, 162, and 183 of his book cited above. Of course, not everything that the Young Turk leaders say is to be accepted implicitly, but it is significant that virtually all their positions and statements have been gradually confirmed by the development of events. It has become plain that the choice from the first lay between the Committee and the old Absolutism. And now again, as at first, they are face to face with the same problem. Can they keep the Parliament going through the motions of a constitutional government and also preserve public order for twenty years while an educated generation is growing up? That means a system of schools and a system of gendarmerie like the Canadian Mounted Police, and both are being worked out. But, further, can they hold the army for twenty years? For that is the kernel of their problem, as it was the kernel of Cromwell's. In fact—but *absit omen!*—the analogy between the position of the Committee and that of Cromwell when he was trying to rule through a Parliament is of the closest.

On the closing scenes down to the final passing of Abd al-Hamid to Salonica and his imprisonment there, Mr. McCullagh is vivid, and apparently, to judge by his sources, trustworthy. The account of the military operations is derived from *Streffleurs Militärische Zeitschrift*, picked out with color from his own experiences. He is no Orientalist of the schools, but a journalist of experience, common-sense, and conspicuous good luck. In gratitude for a valuable and entertaining book, we need not lay against him that he regards Beirut, the Lebanons, and Damascus as belonging to Arabia. The illustrations are negligible, but the map of the investment of Constantinople is clear and useful.

CURRENT FICTION.

Whirlpools. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The popularity of "Quo Vadis" with the English-reading public was due largely to the fact that it interpreted with a certain Slavonic intensity, but without strangeness, a theme of common interest to all Christendom. The subject was worthy of the great canvas employed. There was a vigor about the whole performance which distinguished it absolutely from the machine-made historical romances upon which we had even then been over-fed. One of the most shadowy periods of human history was made to live; if the light thrown upon it was somewhat garish in places, that was a fault of which we did not incline to make too much.

"Whirlpools" has little of that largeness of effect, unless to the novelist's compatriots. As an interpretation of the modern Polish life and character, both individual and national, it lacks to the alien eye both force and definition. The dominant mood is elegiac, plaintive even. One finds the whole matter in a nutshell in the final chapter, a sort of epilogue in the form of a soliloquy by one of the characters:

> Whirlpools? Whirlpools!—and of sand! Sand is burning the whole of Poland and transforming her into a wilderness, on which jackals live. If this is so, it would be better to put a bullet in the head. We are lost past all help? That is untrue. . . . If it is so that we prefer to suffer than renounce Her, then where are the jackals and where is Her destruction? So She lives in every one of us, and in all of us together, and will survive all the whirlpools in the world. And we will set our teeth and will continue to suffer for Thee, Mother, and we—and if God so wills it and our children and grandchildren—will not renounce neither Thee nor hope.

This extract displays the clumsiness and even illiteracy to which the translation frequently declines—a quite unnecessary obstacle between author and reader. It is a pity that the publishers, who have issued translations of Sienkiewicz's former novels, should not have taken more pains with their choice of translator in this instance.

Apart from its national character, as a study of Polish society and politics,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the story has the familiar Slavic characteristics. Sienkiewicz, like the Russian novelists, has to deal with human types very unlike our own. To the Anglo-American mind there is a touch of the uncomfortable, the mawkish, the nightmarish, in the mental and emotional processes of the Slav. His talk and action seem to us tinged with a meaningless excitement which barely falls short of hysteria. We are tempted to turn our eyes away from the extravagance of his gestures, to stop our ears against the shrillness of his voice. He is so odd, so childish, so different from ourselves in the thing we value most, manner, that we easily overlook the fact of the deeper bond between us. "Whirlpools" has to do, after all, with the same problems of human nature that our own novelists are perennially busy with. The plot has a certain novelty. A young Polish gentleman has in his student days seduced a peasant girl. She disappears from the neighborhood, and he forgets her. She is a good girl, is adopted and educated by an English family, and returns to Poland a beautiful and accomplished lady. She has always really loved her seducer. He now falls in love with her as an English maiden, and when he offers himself she tells him frankly who she is. You perceive the plight of the easy sentimentalist, his revulsion, his condescension, his eventual intolerability. He kills her pure love for him, and she wisely casts him off before marriage has set a seal upon their common misery. In her character, in that of the little violinist Marynia, and in that of Dr. Szremski, lie sufficient excuse, from the Western point of view, for an otherwise not agreeable or easily intelligible story.

Ailsa Paige. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

> The butler made an instinctive movement to detain him, but he flung him aside and entered the drawing-room. . . . Light from great crystal chandeliers dazzled him for a moment; the butler. . . .

In this familiar strain begins the latest romance of a writer whom we have been wont to hail as the most popular among that always popular class, the chroniclers of the pseudo-fashionable. One phrase of his, read long ago, the present commentator has never forgotten; it has stuck in his memory as a sort of haunting refrain, expressive of a whole department of current fiction:

> The luncheon was very informal: there were only three footmen.

In short, the novels of Mr. Chambers have seemed qualified to afford to a certain constituency precisely the same thrill, the same glow of momentary contact, if but in fancy, with exclusiveness and luxury, with butlers and diamonds and motor-cars and costly wear—which is less adequately supplied by the Society Column. Consequently it is a surprise, and, to the reader who disdains vicarious Sybaritism, an exhilaration, to find the butler and his analogues quickly and permanently abandoning the foreground in the present story. He is, after all, an ante-bellum butler, who never dreamed of luxury as we understand it now.

Mr. Chambers must have credit, in this instance, for a serious piece of work. Only the passing generation which in one sense or another assisted at the great conflict of the sixties can judge how far he has caught the spirit of the time. One common and perilous element of the civil war romance he has deliberately, and, we think, wisely omitted. No great historical personage stalks or prattles through his pages, no Gettysburg or Chancellorsville is detailed as minute fact. On the other hand, there is much description of fighting, and some portions of the narrative seem more liberally blood-smeared than necessary. But it is right that the brutal and tawdry aspects of war should be presented as well as the heroic and romantic aspects, and the lay reader gets an impression of fairness of balance in these strange elements. The "love interest" in the story concerns chiefly a Northern pair, a sweet young widow and a reckless man about New York town. He has a tragic and mysterious, and, to tell the truth, foolish reason for fancying he cannot marry her. He is, in fact, the true ladies' hero, dark and domineering and armed with a secret sorrow. The pair have their troubles, but there is nothing in them for the experienced novel-reader to distress herself about.

"Skid Puffer." Stories collected by Francis F. French. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The first part of this book is a collection of dialect sketches drawn from scenes in the region of the great Kankakee Swamp. The stories, which have been selected and edited by an earwitness to many hundreds told by young Skid Puffer about old Abe Puffer and all the Puffers of Pufferland, date from the time when bear tails, the long, hanging bear tails of the Puffer bears, blazed a path into the swamp for the ancestral settlement down to the day of Skid himself. Abe, though gone to the "gret silens," lives boisterously in Skid's stories. "Two things Pop was mighty good in, elocutin' at the literary an' flingin' out foreign words, some as he knowed by sight and others by soun'." The Pufferland dialect is contrived to try the stoutest heart, yet it sits well on Puffer stories of refractory hens and unbroken colts; of pumpkins that yearling shoats can hide in, of winter weather when a teacup of water thrown in the air would rattle down in a million icicles, and snow—if you was mighty quick about it. If you wasn't it would freeze solid and bust the cup right in your hand.

After many pages like this, Skid moves on from the swamp, and a story sets in, of lost parents and a found son, of friends acquired, of civilization achieved, and of old injuries avenged in thrilling adventure in Mexican deserts. The verbosity of the tale is excessive, even when Col. French speaks in his own person; and at no time may the story boast of any recognized style or form. Yet it is pervaded—after the introductory horse-play stories—by a single-minded naïveté which half disarms criticism—a naïveté wholly in keeping with the development of the hero, who is a faun-like son of nature, without wile or guile, till chivalry makes of him an avenger. We leave him with his education and his first adventure accomplished, and we are promised a sequel.

The Twisted Foot. By Henry Milner Rideout. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

In spite of its wild improbability, this story of life and love and adventure in unfamiliar islands of the South Sea succeeds in holding the attention of the reader from the beginning. The author is not a delineator of character except in the most elemental way, and he has only just succeeded in making his hero, David Bowman, sympathetic by endowing him with superlative manliness and straightforwardness. The other characters: Mary Arnot, the winsome heroine; Mary Naves, the travelling singer of big heart and small mind, and the Sultan Sri Rama Vicrama, at once annoying boy and attractive man, are conventional, almost commonplace.

Mr. Rideout has, however, a peculiar descriptive power. This finds free play in a rich setting of lonely sea, volcanic island, and tropic forest. The same quality makes out of an ordinary story of action and excitement something of a work of art. The descriptions are strongly reminiscent in style of Lafcadio Hearn; intimate, vivid, they are often marked by the application to nature of human terms, as if one art were expressed through the medium of another.

INTELLECTUAL PIONEERING.

A Writer of Books in His Genesis. By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis, Mo.: Sigma Publishing Co. $1.50.

This autobiography is the early record of an eagerly intellectual life. Mr. Snider has written commentaries on Shakespeare, "Faust," the "Divine Comedy," and the "Iliad." His poems include an epic, "Homer in Chios," and metrical essays in every genre. A novel, a history, books on psychology, ethics, sociology, and metaphysics are com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prised in his bibliography of thirty-five numbers. His total gains from literature are twenty-five dollars, the proceeds of a newspaper assignment once given by Eugene Field. In order to maintain this disinterested pursuit of letters, Mr. Snider has followed the calling of schoolmaster, lecturer, and teacher of private classes. To his many pupils whose lessons were the basis of these many books this autobiography is dedicated.

It is one of those books that baffle a reviewer. Familiar with Hegel, not to mention the world poets, the author writes in an ungainly fashion, which still is not without color and energy. Throughout there is a kind of paradoxical blend of superiority and commonness. How can the man who in his early 'teens discovered the *Spectator* and became an Addisonian, in his late seventies "recollect of" youthful experiences? In fact, aside from the historical import of these reminiscences, to which we must return, their chief suggestion is of the enormous disproportion between education and culture in the career presented and in the Middle West, whose greatness is the secondary theme. The insatiable intellectual curiosity of such a man, his sheer expenditure of mind, his broad attainments, ought, it seems, to have produced more memorable results, and the examination of such a career must teach us something about the conditions of intellectual pioneering in the Middle West. Such chronicles, in comparison with those of the material pioneer, are scanty. Mr. Snider's recollections will furnish vivid material for an as yet unwritten chapter of the history of the mind.

From youth the author felt the passion of the intellect. He left Mount Gilead, O., more than commonly well trained in the classics, made a stage at Iberia College, where his vocation as a writer declared itself, and by sixteen was a student at Oberlin. That college was a religious foundation. What scanty culture it could afford it produced not to the use of man, but to the glory of God. Established as a reaction against that Unitarian movement which had gathered up so much of the intellectual energy of the land, Oberlin held aloof from the main movements of the fifties. Out of the thousand students, says Mr. Snider, there were two or three who read Emerson andCarlyle, and adds: "Of Emerson I doubt if a single professor had any sympathetic knowledge, or if he had, he kept it silent." Over the college presided the minatory figure of President Finney, an evangelist of such power that, fearing his own effect upon his audiences, he sometimes dismissed them. "You, dear pupil," he would preach, "have done nothing but sin in getting your lessons this week without God's grace—nothing but sin in your study of Greek and Latin." Such appeals made young Snider unhappy, but the lad remained unrepentant and sinned with a vigor that the modern college president would welcome. Beside the little stint of the "Odyssey" required, he read the remaining books. Herodotus he read entire in the Greek, Thucydides likewise, following the Peloponnesian war with the poignant living commentary of a Union that seemed to be crumbling. In short, young Snider passed from Oberlin to camp and field, with an education in classical and modern literature such as not one American college student in a thousand ever acquires.

The war left him in permanently impaired vigor, but after various experiments he took up life anew in St. Louis, serving long as a teacher of literature and moral philosophy, and finally emerging into the relative independence of lecturing and writing unremunerative books. At St. Louis he found the company his soul craved. There was the Philosophical Society clustered about the versatile incomer, W. T. Harris, soon to be the founder of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, and about the Titanic Brockmeyer. Who was Brockmeyer? He was one more of those abortive Titans who will emerge only when the true *Kulturgeschichte* of the Middle West is written. Disgusted with the world, he had been for a time a sort of carnivorous Thoreau, a Thoreau handier with the rifle than with the pen. As a lawyer and politician in St. Louis he shocked and dazzled his neighbors by talk that ran from the Rabelaisian to the Hegelian. In his study of Hegel's Logic he enlisted a number of friends. About this philosopher and about Goethe he knew and could tell fundamentally inspiring things, which somehow evaporated when he tried to write them down. For the sheer stimulus of his company Mr. Snider read law in Brockmeyer's office, and heard him dispatch with equal gusto an Hegelian paradox and a disgruntled ward-heeler. Brockmeyer, in the cosmic sense, Mr. Snider celebrates: "The German Renaissance of the last century, the greatest spiritual movement of recent Europe, was tapped at its fountain-head just by our Brockmeyer, and was made to flow in a lively stream at our St. Louis as centre, where it impregnated strongly an American element." Alas, like many another rill from notable source, this water, too, has slipped away under the bridge. Except for searchers in the old files of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* and readers of this autobiography the vivid Brockmeyer has vanished in the backward and vast abysm, whereas the unexuberant Thoreau easily imposes upon posterity those voluminous journals the gist of which posterity already had in his books. The case is a parable. In a fluid civilization not even genius manages to crystallize itself in viable form. Of the Philosophical Society the most substantial heritage is perhaps the rather cloudy metaphysics and criticism of W. T. Harris, who to do as much had to return to his native East, and Mr. Snider's interpretations of the "World Bibles" and of the universe itself.

It seems as if in new communities nothing first-rate in the arts can be produced. The artist needs a society that understands him, and on occasion can ridicule him, needs the association of his peers. It is significant that the few provincial painters of Italy who achieved greatness had to betake themselves to such centres as Florence and Venice. No expenditure of ingenuity and intellectual effort, apparently, will replace that subtle and evanescent influence which transpires from a settled civilization. In pioneer regions the mantle of prophecy is conferred too generously, the mutual appreciation of a small coterie brings a premature complacency, the incense of the lecture-room prevents the harsh but formative workings of criticism.

Such prophets as Mr. Snider, then, are in a sense sacrificed to the honor they receive so unhesitatingly in their own country. Frequently they display an ability that in better surroundings would carry them far. As pioneers of a culture that is to be they deserve all credit. If they are, for their own advantage, unduly perturbed by the heady life about them, at least they keep it working if crudely in ideal directions. There is, in short, an apostolic dignity about men of Mr. Snider's sort that comports oddly and pathetically with their ineffectualness as artists and the somewhat Bœotian cut of their priestly robes.

We have space only to mention the quite extraordinary interest of Mr. Snider's war experiences. He started in a camp of drafted men. In that and another camp he was clerk to the commandant, and thus knew the entire business of the command. Of the sordid details of desertion, mutiny, and bounty-jumping he gives a vivid account. He helps one realize the infinite shifts and patience that went to the making of the conquering army, also the profound demoralization that the war worked upon the baser part of the community. Naturally, history has set forth chiefly the heroic aspect of the war. It is well, however, that the darker truth should also be told, and the reader will find it in Mr. Snider's pages in its ugly palpitating reality. For months on the Tennessee skirmish line under Rosecrans Second Lieutenant Snider comported himself well. In fact, he has always risen with alacrity to the emergencies of the material and intellectual life. One sets down this varied chronicle of his early days with a curious feeling of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sympathy in which admiration is tempered by just a suspicion of pity.

Gli Americani nella Vita Moderna osservati da un Italiano. By Alberto Pecorini. Milan: Fratelli Treves; New York: Francesco Tocci. $1.25.

Signor Pecorini has made an exhaustive study of modern American life based largely on government and State reports and abounding in statistics which are cleverly interwoven with the text. His residence is Springfield, Mass., a city which, if not quite typical, at least represents us far better than the turbid cosmopolitanism of New York. Signor Pecorini's admiration goes out especially to our women, to our religious tolerance, and public schools. Beyond all previous foreign observers, he emphasizes the importance of religion as a social bond; believes, in fact, that it is an indispensable cohesive principle. The institutional church meets his fullest approval. He congratulates us also upon maintaining a single standard of sexual morality for men and women, without perceiving that the penalties for departure therefrom are very unequally applied. Labor, army and navy, imperialism, agriculture, immigration, the race problem, education, the Indian, sport, the press, literature, and art are all intelligently treated. On the whole, the book is more interesting as a readable compendium of information than as a criticism after the model of Tocqueville and Bryce.

Signor Pecorini seems rather the economist than the social philosopher, and he envisages the more grandiose features of our civilization rather as a literary chronicler than as an analyst. Very amusing and, in the main, just, is his horror of New York. To him it is a gigantic impersonal Moloch systematically immolating its victims. Of course, familiarity would blunt an impression that is, after all, only slightly exaggerated. As for art and literature among us, they are negligible. Such an opinion from an intelligent and cultivated foreigner is significant, even though only a half truth. In his chapter on the press Signor Pecorini regrets the impossibility of a high-class literary review like the *Nuova Antologia*, but seems to be ignorant of such approximations to that ideal as the *Atlantic*, *North American*, and *Forum*.

On the race problem our author takes the Southern view, and is inclined to regard all negrophiles, from the Abolitionists down, as doctrinaire meddlers. His own prophecy of ultimate amalgamation with white immigrants from the Mediterranean countries shows at least that his Southern sympathies do not include invincible race prejudice. Somewhat pathetic are the chapters on Italian immigration. The crowding of this sociable race into city slums is regarded as for the present inevitable. The Italian cannot stand the isolation of pioneer agricultural conditions in a foreign land. Of the various bureaucratic and philanthropic endeavors to aid Italian immigrants no very high opinion is held. A suggestion that free scholarships in the Italian universities for Italo-American boys might produce a link between the two cultures is worthy of consideration. Certainly, intermediaries are necessary, since the Italian who is quite readily absorbed into the rough and tumble of our political and industrial life is almost excluded from the moral tradition both of the land he has left and of that which he has adopted. The schools, of course, do much, but rather tardily and with insufficient emphasis on the moral side.

Here and there Signor Pecorini's usually accurate and well-considered pages suffer from information misunderstood or drawn from ephemeral or untrustworthy sources. For a second edition we offer the following suggestions: Vineland and the Norsemen, so far as our territory is concerned, are mythical; Lincoln was not "stabbed," but shot; college athletic teams do not receive food and a stipend; Zangwill is not an American writer; the English race was not amalgamated in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries (some loose philological statement seems at the base of this error). Nor is it true that only preferred stock is sold on the New York Stock Exchange, while common stock is relegated to the curb. Members of the Knickerbocker Club have been not invariably or even usually millionaires. Milking machines are still exceptional. The vast growth of museums was worth a paragraph. Our wealthy art collectors are treated with a sentimental scorn that acquaintance with the better of them would correct. Such blemishes are of small importance, and are noted only as evidence of the closeness with which we have followed Signor Pecorini's interesting discussions.

Bygone Days in Chicago: Recollections of the "Garden City" of the Sixties. By Frederick Francis Cook. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.75 net.

There was no need for the introductory note in which George P. Upton stands sponsor for these war-time recollections. From the very beginning, Mr. Cook's narrative stands out as an entertaining account of a most interesting period and setting. As an old newspaper reporter, the author has kept the ornate fluency which is one of the signs of the trade. But he shows also a zeal for searching beneath the surface of things which is not one of the traditional gifts of the reporter. He philosophizes, in the acceptable meaning of the term. His tone now and then verges close on cynicism. At times he aims to be judicially aloof. At all times there is a really astonishing passion for getting at the inner working of events and of motives.

What is perhaps the most significant portion of the book concerns the attitude of our foreign-born population towards the civil war. The immigrant element at that time was about equally divided between Germans and Irish. The former had been driven from Europe by reasons political; the latter by reasons economic. The former represented a "superior class," the latter "an inferior one." The Germans entered farming or the advanced industries. The Irish, North and South, formed "the lowest white strata in the active labor market." Our author here expounds his rather grim view of the laws that mark race and class feeling. "Whatever the aversions," he says, "of the highest towards the lowest in the social scale, they are seldom comparable to the unreasoning prejudice, often rising to blinding hate, that manifests itself in the lower ranges towards those regarded as a grade below them." Between two classes in immediate juxtaposition, no benevolent haze intervenes, no perspective operates to lend enchantment to the view. Among the "comfortably circumstanced" people of the North, native-born or German, there grew up before the war a strong sympathy for the slave which invested him with a "halo more or less of a misfit." If the Irish working class showed a tendency in the opposite direction, the thing was due "to a variety of causes, but also in no small degree to that primitive instinct which demands for its satisfaction that somebody be kept in his place to be looked down upon."

Abolitionist and Copperhead, also, receive due attention in Mr. Cook's narrative; but nearly always he is at pains to show that men's motives and conduct in those critical days were seldom as sharply differentiated as party names would imply. And here the writer speaks from interesting experience, having been associated with all four of Chicago's leading daily newspapers during the war period. In the composing-room of the anti-slavery *Tribune*, he found little enthusiasm for the negro. "On every hand, there was explicit denial that the war was waged with any special intention to free the slaves—that concomitant of the struggle being almost invariably alluded to apologetically as an incident entirely beside the real issue." On the semi-secession *Times*, the majority of compositors "would have been denounced as rebel sympathizers." But many shades of difference were apparent:

> When with Republicans these pseudo-sympathizers might be fierce denouncers of the war and all that it stood for, but in presence of extremists of their own kind they would so double on their tracks as to land almost squarely in the Union camp;

CARNEGIE BRANCH
PUBLIC LIBRARY
AUG 22 1910
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and often such a query as "What has become of Jack, or Billy?" would be answered in the song-slang of the day, "Gone for to be a sojer." . . . It is almost a pity that this Copperhead pudding was never subjected to the test of eating, by a Southern invasion of the North. In such an event, I make no doubt, not one in a score would have felt other than dismay and sprung to the defence with the readiest "Black Republican."

Finally, in explaining the extraordinary part which was played by song during these dark days, in the North, Mr. Cook indulges in a bit of folk psychology that is not without appeal. The North, he points out, far more than the South was in need of an external stimulus to keep its resolution to the appointed task. The South fought for such concrete objects as the defence of its homes and for very self-preservation. The North was guided by sentiment, and sentiment fed on song. Frank and Jules Lumbard, brothers, were noted public singers before the war. After hostilities began, they organized their famous war quartet, without whom no Union rally within the State of Illinois was complete. It was the Lumbard brothers who first sang George F. Root's "Battle Cry of Freedom" before a great crowd in Court House Square, Chicago. They regarded their work as a mission, rather than as a livelihood.

Anthology Society. Journal of the Proceedings of the Society which conducts the *Monthly Anthology and Boston Review*, October 3, 1805, to July 2, 1811. With an introduction by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. The Boston Athenæum.

The first impression made by this book is one of surprise that it should have been considered worthy of publication. For it is the apparently trivial record of the meetings of a club of young Boston men in which such entries as the following are not infrequent: "After supper, wit and burgundy came in abundance, but our duties were not forgotten." Upon closer examination, however, and especially after reading the genial preface by Mr. Howe, an interest is aroused which grows until one feels grateful to the trustees of the Boston Athenæum for affording us a more than passing glimpse of what Josiah Quincy characterized as "a true revival of polite learning in this country after that decay and neglect which resulted from the distractions of the Revolutionary War."

This revival may be said to owe its origin to the Rev. William Emerson, the father of Ralph Waldo, who sought the aid of some friends as contributors to an anthology which he had undertaken to edit. In October, 1805, fourteen in number and including five ministers, they constituted themselves into a society which should be responsible for the magazine, the title-page of the last volumes of which bore the words, "Edited by a society of gentlemen." The present publication is the secretary's journal of the proceedings, the original manuscript having been presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society by the last secretary, the historian George Ticknor. At the weekly meetings, ending with a supper, the contributions to the *Anthology* were read and discussed, then accepted or rejected by a yea and nay vote, and works for review and articles for the various departments were assigned to the different members. One of these departments, to which constant reference is made, is the "Remarker," written by the members in turn and given chiefly to moral reflections and literary criticism with the intention "either to instruct or entertain." Another is the "Silva," described as "a repository for curious remarks on men and manners, and literary fragments and novelties."

The secretary's journal is not a mere formal record of the business transacted, but a pleasant, humorous account of each meeting such as one would write to a friend. The object of one meeting, for instance, was "to take into consideration the state of our world and to devise ways and means to continue it in motion." At another a piece of poetry was read. "One line was bad. The President tried to 'tinker it,' but could not succeed. It was, however, accepted." That scientific subjects were treated is shown by the following entry: "Mr. Tudor read a philosophical disquisition on the purring of cats, which was accepted." But regarding it seriously, the reader of the journal will find references to nearly every English work of importance of that day, often with most illuminating comments. Well-known names in our history appear and at times in strange relations. "An excellent poetical communication from J. Q. Adams at Washington was approved." This was "on the discoveries of Captain Lewis" in humorous vein. And "the Secretary read a communication from Mr. [Daniel] Webster on the French language, which was accepted." Webster afterwards became a corresponding member.

Though the Anthology Society had a comparatively short life, its influence is felt to-day. At the third meeting it was voted "that a LIBRARY of periodical publications be instituted for the use of the society." To this action Boston owes the Athenæum, whose usefulness not simply to the city but to the country at large cannot be overestimated. Then four years after the dissolution of the Society, one of its most steadfast and active members, William Tudor, jr., aided by some of his associates, launched the *North American Review*. Taking all things into consideration, there can be no hesitation in affirming that the gathering of those young men on October 3, 1805, was "an epoch in the intellectual history of the United States."

The work of the editors has been most carefully and painstakingly done. In addition to the Journal there are lists of members, of contributors to the magazine, of works mentioned, and a most exhaustive index. The attractiveness of the volume is increased by several portraits, including one of the first president, the Rev. J. S. J. Gardiner, D.D., rector of Trinity, and his successor, the Rev. John T. Kirkland, president of Harvard, and some interesting pictures of the quaint old places in which many of the meetings were held.

Notes.

"Letters to Several Persons of Honour by John Donne"; "Famous Importers," by Bram Stoker, and "Cowboy Songs," edited by John A. Lomax, are some of the announcements of Sturgis & Walton Co.

Henry Holt & Co. announce "Darwinism and Human Life," by J. Arthur Thomson, and Logan G. McPherson's reports on "Transportation in Europe."

Among the forthcoming publications of L. C. Page & Co. are: "The Whistler Book," by Sadakichi Hartmann; "The Lands of the Tamed Turk," by Frederick B. Jaekel, and "Hellfire Harrison," by Wallace D. Wattles.

A new issue of Stevenson's "Treasure Island," edited by F. W. C. Hersey, is in the hands of Ginn & Co.

"The Effect of Protection on the Standard of Life in Germany," a pamphlet, is to be issued for the Cobden Club by Cassell & Co. The same firm plans to publish "Breeding and the Mendelian Discovery," by A. D. Darbishire.

Additions to "Everyman's Library" which will be made in September include: Huxley's "Lay Sermons" and "Select Lectures," in one volume, and Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Altitudes."

Frédéric Loliée's life of the Duke of Morny is to be brought out in an English translation by Bryan O'Donnell.

Richard Savage is to be succeeded in October as secretary and librarian to the Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's Birthplace by Frederick Christian Wellstood.

"King Edward VII as a Sportsman" is the title of a book which Longman & Co. are preparing.

Early in September the John Lane Co. will bring out "The Cradle of a Poet," by Elizabeth Godfrey, and "Atonement," by F. E. Mills Young.

Herbert & Daniel of London announce a forthcoming collection of "Essays" by J. A. Hobson.

"The Life and Times of Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla," by Dr. Arthur Howard Noll and A. Philip McMahon, will be brought out in September by McClurg & Co.

The Abbey Co. of Chicago, which has acquired all rights in "the Abbey Classics," will add to the series in October Whittier's "Snow-Bound." By this company will

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also be published "A German Christmas Eve," an episode in Heinrich Seidel's "Leberecht Hühnchen." The translation has been made by Jane Hutchins White.

James Pott & Co. make the following announcement of autumn books: "A Chateau in Brittany," by Mary J. Atkinson; "The Dauphines of France," by Frank Hamel; "Nooks and Corners of Old London," by Charles and Marie Hemstreet; "Privateers and Privateering," by Commander Edward P. Statham, R. N.; "A Corner of Spain," by Walter Wood; "Louis XVIII," by Mary F. Sandars; "In the Days of the Georges," by William B. Boulton; "English Palaces—Canterbury," edited by R. S. Rait; "English Palaces—York," edited by R. S. Rait; "The Marriage Ventures of Marie Louise," by Max Billard: English version by Evelyn, Duchess of Wellington; "Old Continental Towns," by Wallis M. Gallichan; "The Origins of Popular Superstitions and Customs," by T. Sharper Knowlson; "The Walls of Constantinople," by Capt. B. Granville Baker; "The Cathedrals and Churches of Belgium," by T. Francis Bumpus; "The Cathedrals and Churches of Northern France," by T. Francis Bumpus; "By the Waters of Italy," by Norma Lorimer.

"Sir Walter Scott, Studied in Eight Novels," by the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning (New York: Wessels & Bissell), is about the sort of analysis and slight comment that a university extension lecturer would employ. "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Black Dwarf," "The Heart of Midlothian," and others, including the almost unread novel, "The Surgeon's Daughter," are the topics. It is hard to see why "St. Ronan's Well," which is one of Scott's serious attempts at the true novel of manners, should not have been included. The book is easy reading, but it is strange that any one who has read the eight novels should want them dished up in this summary fashion. Ours, however, is a tabloid age, and Mr. Canning's capsules are as palatable as any.

Frederic Rowland Marvin, the author of "The Excursions of a Book-lover" (Boston: Sherman, French & Co.), evidently reads widely and keeps a well-stocked commonplace book. His method may be illustrated from the essay called Ethan Brand. Ethan Brand naturally recalls Empedocles, whose fate is matched by half a dozen modern instances of men who have cast themselves into furnaces. Hereunon follows a disquisition on suicide. Interesting collections of material are the papers on Book Dedications and on the Physician and his Work. Shakespeare's Bones again is one of the better essays. It is suggested that the famous doggerel epitaph was intended to keep the body from the common destination, the charnel pit, and that the authorities of Holy Trinity could if they would tell us of the condition of Shakespeare's sepulture. There is a hint that the story would diminish the myth, and, naturally, revenue, and a challenge in the name of science to make a thorough investigation of the tomb. Other subjects are Books, The Men of Genius, Holographs—for which the author's collection is drawn on, and At Last the Silent Majority. The best that can be said for these rambling essays as a whole is that the material is often interesting and the treatment good in spots. Mr. Marvin lacks the lighter qualities of the born essayist, and shows no especial tact in compilation. As exercises in the intimacy of a literary club these papers would be most acceptable; they seem to us devoid of wider appeal.

The gratitude every scholar feels at the appearance of any new series of reprints is tempered, upon examination of the first two issues of "The John Rylands Facsimiles" (published at eight shillings, sixpence, for the two, by the library of that name in Manchester, England), by a hope that future additions to the series may show somewhat less of provincialism in the editing. The first of these facsimiles is from the Rylands copy of the "Propositio Johannis Russell," printed by Caxton about 1476. Henry Guppy, Esq., the Rylands librarian, provides an introduction dealing comprehensively with Caxton's career, as well as Lord Russell's, in a style suited to the meanest capacity. His principal contribution is the information that Caxton was a man of simple piety, under whose government the English merchants in Bruges, then one of the most dissolute cities in Europe, resided in the strictest celibacy. This phase of Caxton's personality has not, it is believed, before been noted by those who have studied the documents having to do with his career. It is appropriate that this characteristic should be announced by the custodian of the still unrivalled collection of Caxton's work, brought together at Althorp by Lord Spencer, and now in the Rylands Library, which continues to be largely under the control of the late Mrs. Rylands's spiritual advisers. It is particularly noteworthy that Mr. Guppy should have arrived at his deductions without consulting, according to his own statement, any of the publications of Gordon Duff, his predecessor as librarian of the Rylands collection, and the author of the Caxton Club's "Caxton," as well as of the Catalogue of Mr. Morgan's Caxtons.

Readers of American civil war history who have found it difficult either to understand the relation of one campaign to another, or to get a clear view of the war as a whole, will welcome "The American Civil War," by John Formby (Scribner), an English writer and military critic. For purposes of study and exposition, Mr. Formby divides the theatre of war on land into five districts, and treats the campaigns or other operations in each district year by year, including at the end of each year a survey of naval operations also. Numerous cross-references, looking backward as well as forward, show where each portion of the narrative connects with what has gone before, and where it is resumed; footnotes call attention to contemporary happenings in other districts; and chronological tables in parallel columns sum up the yearly progress. Appended to the longer chapters are biographical sketches and critical estimates, the latter general and sympathetic rather than technical, of notable commanders on the Union and Confederate sides, with a note of such as retire from the stage at the period in question. The defect of the plan, of course, is that a particular story is not always carried to completion in one place; the account of Cushing's sinking the Albemarle, for example, is begun on page 301 and resumed and finished at page 353. In no other work of equally moderate extent with which we are acquainted, however, can one so readily ascertain what was going on in the field at any given time, or observe the contrasted course of the war in, say, the East and the Mississippi valley at the same period. Mr. Formby has apparently not aimed at literary distinction, and his accounts of battles and sieges will be read for the information they contain, and not because they stir the blood. The maps, which fill a separate volume, have the rare advantage of being, with three exceptions, drawn on uniform standard scales, one for campaigns and the other for battles; an arrangement which shows far better than words the comparative magnitude of different operations. The maps are specially indexed, and there is also a good index to the text.

With a picture fronting every fifth page of text, Charles E. Roche's dainty little book, "Things Seen in Holland" (Dutton), makes an attractive pocket companion for either the fireside reader or the actual traveller. The author knows some Dutch and is able to tell us what the personal and place names, rhymes, mottoes, and street cries mean. His impressions are fresh, for his visits have been made within the days of the Princess Juliana. He has read well "The American in Holland," and appreciates the cis-Atlantic point of view at many points. He explains why the Dutch Santa Claus has a black boy, the saint's man Friday, to distribute his presents to the children; not at Christmas time, but on the ancient date, December 6. The negro is an importation from New Netherland. It is hardly correct to say that during the late war with Spain the sympathies of the Dutch people were pro-Spanish and against the Americans. This was true only for a brief period before the outbreak, chiefly among the manipulators of the money market, and was soon over, turning into warm appreciation of the American policy. Mr. Roche knows the various microscopic social differences between Vollendam and Marken and never once writes "Van" Tromp. He surpasses most Englishmen in accuracy of observation and quotation, and this almost without a trace of "a certain condescension of foreigners."

The inception is announced of two Western periodicals which are to devote themselves to the problems of the Mohammedan world. One is *Der Islam*, edited by Dr. C. H. Becker of Hamburg, and published in Strassburg by Karl J. Trübner. The other bears the name of *Orientalisches Archiv, Zeitschrift für Kunst, Kulturgeschichte und Völkerkunde der Länder des Ostens*, edited by Dr. Hugo Grothe of Munich, and published by Karl W. Hiersemann of Leipzig. One of the most informing works on the struggle of Islam and Christianity in the East is that of Pastor G. Simon, himself a missionary for eleven years in Mohammedan Sumatra, entitled "Islam und Christentum im Kampfe um die Eroberung der animischischen Heidenwelt," and published by Martin Warneck of Berlin.

To the attractive Court Series of French Memoirs (Sturgis & Walton), M. Méras has added two more volumes—a good abridged translation of the "Recollections of Léonard, Hairdresser to Marie Antoinette," and a reprint of Grace Dalrymple Elliott's "Journal of My Life During the French Revolution." Both are in a way

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amusing, but are pornographic rather than seriously historic. Léonard, by well recognized tonsorial skill and Gascon assurance, won, according to his own accounts, a more than confidential position with ladies of Marie Antoinette's court. The Queen herself seems to have had perfect confidence in his discretion; he shared the secret of the flight to Varennes, and preceded the royal family by a few hours, carrying instructions and a marshal's bâton for Bouillé. An account of the court of Versailles from a hairdresser's angle of vision is not without amusement and value, if due allowance be made for the author's boastful and fertile ingenuity. To be sure, his alleged recollections, not published until after his death in 1819, were promptly disavowed by his family as "rien qu'un tissu de mensonges" concocted by others for commercial gain; but such a disavowal, made after the Bourbon restoration, may be due to political motives. Grace Dalrymple, after an education in a French convent, made a great impression when she returned at the age of fifteen to her father's home in Edinburgh. Sir John Elliott, a wealthy physician, older than her own father, was so struck with her beauty that he made her an offer of marriage, which was accepted by her with the same inconsiderate haste with which it was proffered. Being speedily freed from this unsuitable match by a divorce, she became successively the mistress of such famous men as Lord Cholmondeley, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Orleans (Philip Égalité). She went to Paris about 1786 and lived through the scenes of the French Revolution. Her "Journal," which deals only with the period of the French Revolution, and not with her earlier life, was composed, it is said, in England in 1801, at the express request of George III, and was carried, as it was written, sheet by sheet, to Windsor by the physician who attended both Mrs. Elliott and the King. Being written confessedly seven or eight years after the events it relates, it is in no proper sense a "journal," and it is often exaggerated, misleading, and even self-contradictory. It throws some light upon conditions in Paris, and upon the private life of the ill-fated Duke of Orleans, but is of slight historical value for the general events of the French Revolution.

Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the Crimean war, and the founder of the modern system of army field hospitals, died last Sunday in London, at the age of ninety. Her mind seems early to have turned in the direction of hospital work. Influenced somewhat by the medical books in her father's library, but more especially by her conversations with Elizabeth Fry, the reformer of conditions in English prisons, Miss Nightingale began to make a systematic inquiry into the regulation of hospitals. She carried on her studies in Germany and France, taking active part in nursing. It was not, however, until after the outbreak of the Crimean war, in 1854, that her genius was really exercised. When all England was aroused by the reports of the unsanitary conditions in the hospitals at Scutari, Florence Nightingale, with the consent of Sidney Herbert, then at the head of the War Department, went with her little band of nurses to the front, and assumed her noble mission. After her return, the British people, out of gratitude, presented her with $250,000, and Queen Victoria herself gave her a magnificent jewel. More recently, she was decorated with the English Order of Merit. The Honorary Freedom of the City of London was granted to her on March 16, 1908. Not only her active service but her publications have brought her distinction. They include: "Notes on Hospitals," "Notes on Nursing," "Notes on the Sanitary State of the Army in India," "Introductory Notes on Lying-in Institutions," and "Life or Death in India."

The Rev. William Benham, D.D., since 1885 honorary Canon of Canterbury, died recently in London at the age of seventy-nine. The list of his works contains: "English Ballads"; "The Church of the Patriarchs"; an edition of Cowper's poems; a new translation of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitatio Christi"; "Cowper's Letters"; "How to Teach the Old Testament"; "A Short History of the Episcopal Church in America"; "The Dictionary of Religion"; "Rochester Cathedral"; "Mediæval London"; "Old St. Paul's"; and, as joint author, "Life of Archbishop Tait."

Drama.

The Acharnians of Aristophanes: The Greek text revised with a translation into corresponding metres. Introduction and commentary. By Benjamin Bickley Rogers, barrister-at-law, Sometime Fellow and now Honorary Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

The Knights of Aristophanes. (Same as above.) $3.50 net.

The publication of this translation of "The Acharnians" is a noteworthy event. Mr. Rogers (introduction, p. li) says:

> Although there are still four plays—the Clouds, the Wasps, the Peace, and the Lysistrata—to be brought into this edition, yet the translations of all four have been published, so that this volume will complete the translation of all the extant Comedies of Aristophanes.

It need cause no surprise that an English barrister-at-law should choose this labor of love as his avocation, but it is remarkable that his successive translations have challenged the attention of scholars by the accuracy of the renderings, and have won the admiration of all readers for the felicity of the spirited verse. Even the famous translations by Frere must yield the first place. In the "Thesmophoriazusæ," published in 1904, Mr. Rogers, it is true, departed from his plan of printing translation and text on opposite pages, and, instead, printed a free translation at the end. He explained this by a note: "The greater part of this translation was composed from memory, when the translator had no copy of Aristophanes at hand." That such a *tour de force* should have resulted, as the author himself insists, in a translation in which "hardly a line represents the exact meaning of the original," is not so amazing as that he should have been able at all to reproduce from memory the substance and spirit of the comedy. We might wish that he would yet re-translate the "Thesmophoriazusæ" with the same care that he has bestowed upon the other plays, but we have in such a paraphrase from memory convincing proof of his peculiar fitness to deal with his favorite author.

The matter in the introduction, commentary, and appendix to the present play cannot here be discussed in detail. But Mr. Rogers everywhere shows wide reading, and, far from accepting without challenge the opinions of other editors, is ready to give fresh views of his own. The following reference to Thucydides, for example (see introduction, p. xxxi, reinforced in the commentary) indicates his breadth of interpretation:

> The great historian recognized the historical Comedies of Aristophanes, of which the Acharnians, the Knights, the Peace, and the Lysistrata are the only surviors, as being like his own History, a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, a possession for all time, and in composing his own work kept steadily in view the deep impression which those comedies had made upon the Athenian people.

It seems a little surprising that Mr. Rogers, even though brought up in the older traditions—it was more than forty years ago that he translated "The Peace"— should refer so nonchalantly to the "stage" and the "the boards of the Athenian theatre" without a word of comment upon the discussion about the very existence of a stage in the days of Aristophanes. In lines 408-409, where Euripides is wheeled out by means of the *eccyclema*, Mr. Rogers has the courage to insert his interpretation in the translation by use of the legitimate, but somewhat blind, word, "pivot":

> (Dionys.) But pivot. (Eur.) But it can't be done. (Dionys.) But still. . . .!
> (Eur.) Well then, I'll pivot, but I can't come down.

The metres of the original are fairly described on the title page as "corresponding" to the Greek. Some of them, indeed, are an exact rendering, in so far as we may speak of an exact transfer into English. Even where there is a change of metre for merely a single line, Mr. Rogers is careful to follow the original. In the choric parts he, of course, betakes himself to freer lyric verse, but often manages a close approximation. The Cretic verses are indicated by an ingenious use of capitals and of interior spacing as well as by sporadic interior rhymes, sufficient to guide the ear without running too much risk of breaking up the long lines into a series of one-stress verses. Thus in vv. 299-301:

> No delay! Thee to slay We'll immediately begin.
> No debate! Thee we hate Worse than Cleon's self, whose skin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'll erelong . Cut to shoes For the worthy Knights to use.

The regular dialogue metre, the iambic trimeter, is rendered by the conventional English five-stress iambic. Probably few English readers would desire or, at first, be content with a reproduction of the six-stress iambic. But it would have been interesting to see how so skilful a translator would have managed the real equivalent of the Greek. Browning in his "Fifine at the Fair," has naturalized this unpopular measure by the help of rhyme. Rhyme could hardly be tolerated in translating Greek dialogue, as it would, *inter alia*, often unequally yoke together lines disjoined by the sense. But Mr. Rogers, if any one, might have managed, by overlapping caesura, or otherwise, to prevent the lines from breaking each into two three-stress lines. To the common objection, that English ears revolt against the two extra syllables, the reply might be urged that, to ears accustomed to the Greek trimeters, the line is deficient without this extra "foot." And, if the closest approximation to the original is the real desideratum, mere procrustean habit need not stand in the way of any experiment not actually inconsistent with the genius of English verse.

Of the translation itself little, except in praise, need be said. The renderings of the difficult original are entertaining and often even sparkling. Above all, they are close to the Greek. So uniformly faithful, indeed, is Mr. Rogers to the original that it is hard to see why he occasionally leaves out some essential phrase, like (v. 282) πᾶς τὸν μιαρόν or (v. 1228) ὦ πρέσβυ. That the transfer of puns is labored and often requires a footnote is not really a serious defect. We are not as much concerned about the puns as the parodies, and, above all, the lyric element in Aristophanes; and in both of these Mr. Rogers is admirable, although in "The Acharnians," his lyric verse is not laid under contribution as it is, for example, in "The Frogs." Some of the made-to-order compounds are blind or forced, like "syco-Phasian" (v. 726), where "sycophant" has not been introduced into the previous line; "verdict-bite" (376) hardly takes hold of the imagination; and a coined word like "seekrian," used three times in 595 and 596, fails to be intelligible and serves only to annoy the reader. On the other hand, "bemiry-slushified" (382) is intelligible, and is in line with the Aristophanic *pro tempore* compounds. The Shakespearian "enshield," to translate ἐνασπιδώσομαι (368), indicates careful selection. His use, following Tyrrell's and Billson's versions, of Scotch and Irish in the Megarian and Bœotian dialect scenes, is an obvious device to an inhabitant of the British Isles and successfully reflects the dialectic differences in the original.

The translation of the "Knights," although published subsequently to that of the "Acharnians," takes its place as earliest of the plays. The two are now also published as Vol. I of the six-volume series, each containing two of the eleven comedies of Aristophanes, with the "Menæchmei" of Plautus, and an index, added to Vol. VI. What we have said of the translation of the "Acharnians" applies in general to that of the "Knights," but the puns and plays upon words, it may be noted, are better managed in this play, *e. g.* (ll. 278-9):

. . . contraband of war he takes
For the Peloponnesian galleys, frapping
them with—girdle-cakes.

At ll. 454-6, indeed, not content with the original, Mr. Rogers gives us a three-story pun:

And with those entrails beat him,
And strings of sausage-meat, and try
Meet punishment to mete him.

In the "Knights" he also accepts the occasional chances for his more serious lyric effort, *e. g.*, ll. 581-589:

Holy Pallas, our guardian Queen,
Ruling over the holiest land,
Land poetic, renowned, and strong,
First in battle and first in song,
Land whose equal never was seen,
Come to prosper our Choral band!
Bring thou with thee the Maiden bright,
Her who greets us in every fight,
VICTORY!

The virtues, in short, of these translations are many and great, and all minor criticisms seem like hypercriticism in welcoming a version so spirited, readable, and accurate of an author whose text bristles with difficulties for the translator.

Art.

TURNER'S GALLERY.

LONDON, August 2.

More than half a century has passed since Turner bequeathed his pictures and drawings to the nation, but it is only now, with the opening of the new Turner wing at the Tate Gallery, that they have been brought together into one almost complete collection and arranged with some show of appreciation for the value of the bequest. "The nation buried Turner with threefold honor," Ruskin said years ago; "Turner's body in St. Paul, his pictures at Charing-Cross, and his purposes in Chancery"; and the saying is not merely witty, but true. Buried, his pictures and drawings were at the National Gallery in more senses than one. The walls of the Turner Room upstairs were disastrously overcrowded; to the Turner Room in the basement few save the enthusiast ever penetrated. It was left to a private individual to make possible the exhibition of Turner's works as Turner wished them to be exhibited. To the late Sir Joseph Duveen the nation owes "Turner's Gallery"—the gallery for which Turner stipulated in his will, though the question has been raised as to whether the site chosen for it comes equally within the requirements he exacted. However, the Tate, or the National Gallery of British Art, to give it its official name, is a branch of the National Gallery to which the pictures were to go, and at this late day there is no use pointing out the mistake of having placed it so far from Trafalgar Square and in such an out-of-the-way corner of London; the interest for us is less in the legal interpretation of the will than in the manner in which advantage has been taken of the finest opportunity ever yet given for the exhibition of any one master's work. Not Velasquez in Madrid, not Rembrandt in Amsterdam, not Hals in Haarlem, is so fully represented as Turner is now in London, after his long years of waiting.

The Turner wing is built at the back of the Tate Gallery, of which it has become a part. One large and one smaller room for paintings, and three still smaller rooms for water-colors and drawings, are on the main floor, while below, in the basement, are four more rooms of a fair size for paintings and water-colors both, and a hall where a few designs and plans are hung. The largest room of all is pleasantly spacious but high out of all proportion, with a heavy barrel-shaped roof. The light is consequently poor. Worse still is the scheme of decoration, astounding nowadays when the value of restraint in these matters is almost everywhere appreciated. Nothing could be more gaudy; even the National Gallery at Vienna, as I remember it in its first fresh gorgeousness, was quiet in comparison. For the background to the paintings is a Venetian brocade of a sharp, vivid red, so dazzling that I can see no excuse in the suggested explanation that it was the background used by Turner in his own gallery in Queen Anne Street. This may be, but Turner's ceiling must have been comparatively low; the ceiling here is immensely high, which makes all the difference. Time in London works wonders, and fog and smoke and grime quickly tone down the crudest and most glaring colors; but so great a stretch of even dingy red brocade will be, if less glaring, scarcely more beautiful. Those walls which have been treated with greater reserve and less deference to Turner, and covered with a coarse-grained Japanese gold paper, are at least neutral in character, and therefore inoffensive.

With so many rooms at his disposal, the keeper, D. S. MacColl, has found the hanging a simple matter. He has been able to place almost all the paintings on the line with a margin of wall be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tween, instead of piling one above the other and fitting them into a sort of mosaic puzzle, as in the old Turner Room at the National Gallery, and the result is that never have they been seen so well before. By showing only a certain number of water-colors and drawings at a time, changing the collection at intervals, no overcrowding is necessary in this section either.

What Turner might think of the choice of pictures and drawings shown is a question. It cannot be denied that in this particular, the conditions of his bequest have not, even now, been over strictly adhered to. For two of his pictures, the Sun Rising through Vapor and Dido Building Carthage—the painting which he said he intended for his winding sheet—he demanded a place between two Claudes at the National Gallery, where they were to prove to his disappointment, could he have foreseen it, the superiority of the Claudes. This wish has been respected, though, just at this moment, the Turners do not hang between the Claudes, but on either side, and, in one case, with another picture separating them; an arrangement which may be temporary, however, as, what with the building of new rooms and the rearrangement of others, the present state of the National Gallery is somewhat chaotic. To those who have long been familiar with the Gallery, it will come also as a surprise to find the four pictures transferred to the British Section, where they are hanging in the Turner Room. For there is still a Turner Room, though not now the old well-known one, but the room adjoining, where the Landseers and Wards once were. In saying this, I am explaining just how Turner's wishes have been disregarded. His intention was that all the pictures of his gift should be included in Turner's Gallery, but, no doubt that he may retain a place among the masters of the world, fifteen or sixteen pictures, some of which are landscapes belonging to his early period and some brilliant Venices belonging to the later, have been kept in Trafalgar Square. A number besides are still scattered about in provincial galleries. Again, the inference is that Turner was disposing of finished work alone when he made his bequest. But many unfinished paintings are hung, one series having a good-sized room devoted to them especially, and the unfinished drawings and water-colors are more numerous. Whether he would have countenanced the public and permanent exhibition of all of them, it would be difficult for the present generation to decide, but at least their value to artists and students is assured. For people who understand, nothing could be more suggestive than to pass from the rooms of masterpieces upstairs to one of the basement rooms filled with a series of fairly large landscapes that date back to a time when he had not outgrown the influence of Gainsborough and the Dutch landscape men, and that were sketched in boldly and vigorously and then abandoned. It is suggestive, too, to compare with the elaborately completed work, those little sketches in water-color or pencil or chalk that were the preliminary notes for them.

The work has been hung with due regard to historical and biographical sequence as well as decorative effect. The large gallery contains the large masterpieces that belong, mainly, to the early and middle periods, while he still accepted the then recognized conventions of landscape, and before he had developed from them a formula of his own. Here are the Calais Pier and the Shipwreck, with their dramatic conception and composition, their splendid energy, so well subordinated to the traditions he had inherited; here are the melodramatic Hannibal Crossing the Alps through the storm that Turner had watched and noted at Farnley, and the ingenious Apollo Slaying the Python, both characteristic of the reverence for historical and classical motives, for the "grand manner," still cultivated in landscape as in subject pictures when Turner set out upon his career; here are one or two of the anecdotes in the manner of Teniers and the little Dutch masters, or inspired, some contend, by the success of Wilkie; and here, in the centre of honor, is the great masterpiece of all, Crossing the Brook, which, for dignity of design, harmony of color, serenity of atmosphere and feeling, has in its own way never been surpassed by Turner or any other painter. In the adjoining, smaller gallery are the canvases which were discovered but a few years ago, rolled up out of sight in the cellars of the National Gallery, and of which I wrote so fully at the time they were first exhibited at the Tate. Once more, as in the room first allotted to them, one marvels at the indifference or indolence of the authorities, who for years kept buried in the cellars such little masterpieces of atmosphere and movement and light as the two or three versions of Yacht Races in the Solent, such a revelation of the tenderness and mystery of night at sea as The Evening Star, such a riot of color and sunshine and gorgeousness as the Interior at Petworth, in which Turner seems to have anticipated the modern Impressionists and delighted in demonstrating to them how easily and supremely he could forestall them and beat them in their own game. It is an astonishing performance, the more so because in most of the interiors which Turner now and then painted he preferred to adhere to Dutch models, even to Rembrandt, as was seen in a very curious picture by him contributed to this year's exhibition of Fair Women arranged by the International Society at the Grafton Gallery. In the same room with this newly-discovered series several examples of his late manner long familiar to visitors to the National Gallery have their place, dominating them all The Fighting Téméraire and Rain, Steam, and Speed—the Great Western Railway, in which Turner showed that he, the artist, had eyes for the grandeur and romance and picturesqueness of those then modern inventions and innovations which Ruskin, his prophet, never ceased to denounce. The regret is that Turner did not occupy himself more with subjects of this kind than with the canals and lagoons of Venice, which, to be honest, he did not see as truly and sympathetically; that is, if we can trust to the evidence of the paintings as they exist to-day. There are artists of younger generations who have understood still better the beauty of rain, steam, and speed, but it was Turner's triumph that he could understand it at all when railways were as yet a novelty and landscape was hidebound by tradition. The paintings downstairs are of lesser interest and importance. The more complete are not to be counted among his unqualified successes. Some of the later examples seem to have suffered from the effect of time and his own failure to safeguard himself against it; most of the earlier would not be of very special interest if Turner had not painted them, though in one or two there is a suggestion, a premonition, of the beauty that Corot was ultimately to make his own. The unfinished series to which I have referred belongs mainly to about 1807-1808, the period of several of the very fine canvases in the rooms above and of the Winds and the Sun Rising through Vapor at the National Gallery, but I cannot say that any of these landscapes reveal more unmistakable marks of genius than the unfinished oils of many of his contemporaries might; to a far greater extent than in his finished pictures of the same date he appears to have been restricted by his deference to prevailing standards and conventions, and it is not unlikely that he realized it, and for this reason never carried them further. They should teach a much-needed lesson to the young student of to-day by reminding him that deference to tradition is the most solid foundation to independence and originality in an artist. Had it not been Turner's habit to hoard his notes and sketches, sometimes the slightest, it would be puzzling to say why this series was preserved by him.

On the whole, a better selection of water-colors might have been made. Some fifty or sixty of the finest done in Italy and Switzerland, along the French rivers and in England, are still in the National Gallery as I write, though, in face of the chaos through which it is passing, I should not venture to say that this means they will be there to-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

morrow. Others that the enterprising intruder into the basement at Trafalgar Square may remember there of old are already at the Tate, and have been added to from the nineteen thousand and so which came into the possession of the Government after Turner's death. The drawings in various mediums and including the studies for the Liber are a record of a busy life which has never been told as it should, perhaps, because there was so little in it, except work, of which to tell. The very excess of material in this section necessarily proves a drawback. It can be no light matter to select from almost twenty thousand examples, even though Ruskin and his successors have sorted and catalogued them.

A new edition of the catalogue of the Tate Gallery has been published just in time for the opening of the Turner Wing. It contains, in addition to a sketch of Turner's life, an account of his bequest and its administration from the moment of his death until now. It also gives a complete list of the works he bequeathed, explaining, by appropriate references, which of these are at the National Gallery, which at the various provincial galleries. The pictures are described, the measurements given, important facts in connection with them stated, and important references to them quoted. N. N.

Finance.

A FINANCIAL SYMPTOM.

The curious chapter in our international trade, which began with the $7,200,000 "import excess" of June, 1909—the first disappearance of the monthly export surplus in a dozen years—seemed to have culminated in the $19,200,000 import excess of last March. That was the largest excess of the period, running considerably beyond the inward balances of June, July, and August, 1909, or of February, 1910. It was felt, when the March trade statement was given out, that the abnormal phenomenon would not be seen again. Prices were slowly relaxing on the great commodity markets, which was the way to correct a situation mainly created by the fact that our prices were out of joint with the rest of the world. Credit markets were simultaneously contracting, thus apparently removing the machinery through which forestallers, speculators, and even plain producers were holding back goods from market so as to sustain the artificial prices. As a matter of fact, the foreign trade situation did begin to improve at just that time. There was, to be sure, another "import excess" last April, where there had been none a year before; but the April excess, $853,000, was a trifle compared with the $19,200,000 of March. Moreover, in May came an export excess of $11,200,000, against a similar excess of only $7,200,000 in May, 1909, and finally, June showed $8,100,000 export surplus, where the same month in 1909 gave an excess of more than $7,000,000 to the imports. In other words, the merchandise balance seemed definitely to have turned.

This present week, however, the Government has published a report on the country's foreign commerce in July—which calls for some reflection. The month has brought us back again to an "import excess," which is $2,800,000, or only a few hundred dollars short of that of a year ago. It will possibly be suggested that the dwindling agricultural exports of the month were responsible for this. In point of fact, however, the July exports as a whole actually increased $5,000,000 over 1909; it was imports again which did it. They rose nearly $5,000,000 over a year ago, and except for the very abnormal year 1907, they exceeded the July imports of any previous year in the history of the country. When, moreover, one figures out results for the seven completed months of the year to date, he finds that, as against the $372,000,000 excess of exports for the period in 1908, and the $67,000,000 of 1909, the present year has an export excess of only a beggarly $1,600,000.

This is a very remarkable exhibit, and it is quite impossible to ignore its importance as a symptom of the day. It is not necessary to revive the obsolete "mercantile theory" to assert that, when our annual excess of exports over imports has for decades been utilized in offsetting heavy annual dues of our own to Europe, it cannot be cut off for half a year without in some way affecting the country's position on the international money market.

No one has ever been able to determine with any approach to exactness the various items in this "economic balance" between ourselves and the outside world. Fifteen years ago, a very thorough investigation by the head of a well-known New York international banking house calculated that the annual payments due from the United States to Europe, wholly outside of merchandise account, were no less than $350,000,000, of which nearly one-third was for money spent abroad by American tourists, while something less than one-half was for remittances against European holdings of American securities or European investments in other American fields. Since 1895, American securities held abroad have in the aggregate been reduced and with them the annual "coupon payment." But foreign expenditure by American tourists and by American residents in Europe has been enormously increased; not only do two or three times as many Americans go abroad now as then, but each of them, on the average, spends two or three times as much. Even assuming the $350,000,000 "invisible balance" then reckoned to be still in force, the "visible balance" of $251,000,000 on merchandise export account for the calendar year 1909 would fail to meet the bill, and a further decrease of $65,000,000 for the first seven months of 1910 would hardly help the matter.

Our import trade is undoubtedly bound to grow, with the rapid expansion in the country's population, but our export trade grows with it. The salient fact at present is an increase in imports, wholly out of proportion to the export increase, and the explanation of this fact, after allowing for some $13,000,000 decrease in the seven months' cotton exports—due to last year's deficient crop—is that prices have been held so high in the United States as to arrest our export trade, where we had enough to spare for the outside world, and simultaneously to expand abnormally our import trade, because we were the most profitable market in the world on which to sell. If the resultant situation is unnatural—as it seems to be—then it should certainly appear that the only immediate remedy is reduction in such prices.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, L. Seeking After God. Crowell. $1 net.
Allen, J. From Passion to Peace. Crowell. 50 cents net.
Andrews, G. A. What Is Essential? Crowell. $1 net.
Balmer, E. The Science of Advertising. Duffield.
Baumbach, R. Stories and Poems, edited, with introduction, by E. Manley. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
Benedict, F. G., and Carpenter, T. M. The Metabolism and Energy Transformations of Healthy Man During Rest. Carnegie Inst. of Washington.
Besier, R. Don. Duffield. $1 net.
Bond, W. S. His Struggle Magnificent. Cochrane Pub. Co.
Bradley, A. G. The Avon and Shakespeare's Country. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Breckenridge, W. E., Mersereau, S. F., and Moore, C. F. Shop Problems in Mathematics. Boston: Ginn. $1.
Cannan, G. Devious Ways. Duffield.
Child, C. G. Translation, with notes, of The Second Shepherds' Play, Everyman, and Other Early Plays. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 40 cents.

Financial.

Letters of Credit

Buy and sell bills of exchange and make cable transfers of money on all foreign points; also make collections, and issue Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in all parts of the world.

International Cheques. Certificates of Deposit.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.
No. 59 Wall Street, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crane, W. H. A Scientific Currency. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Davis, R. H. Once Upon a Time. Scribner. $1.50.
De Windt, H. Finland as It Is. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Eighteenth-Century Correspondence: Being the Letters of Dean Swift, Pitt, etc., to Sanderson Miller. Duffield.
Fagan, J. B. The Earth. Duffield. $1 net.
Fess, S. D. History of Political Theory and Party Organization in the United States. Boston: Ginn. $1.50.
"Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp). The Divine Adventure; Iona; Spiritual History (1 vol.); The Winged Destiny. Duffield. $1.50 net each.
Garretson, B. C. Breen Villagers. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Garstang, J. The Land of the Hittites. Dutton. $4 net.
Gaskell, Mrs. Cranford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.
Goodsell, W. The Conflict of Naturalism and Humanism. Teachers College, Col. Univ. $1.50.
Harris, C. A Circuit Rider's Wife. Philadelphia: Henry Artemus Co. $1.50.
Hastings, S. Summer Flowers of the High Alps. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Holland, T. E. A Valedictory Retrospect 1874-1910), Being a Lecture del. June 17, 1910. Frowde.
Hopkins, W. J. The Meddlings of Eve. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.
Just, A. The Jungborn Dietary: a New Vegetarian Cookery Book. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Kennedy, J. M. The Quintessence of Nietzsche. Duffield.
Kraupa, M. Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Sein Leben und Seine Werke. Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller.
Lutkin, P. C. Music in the Church. (Hale Lectures, 1908-9.) Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. $1 net.
Melville, L. Life and Letters of William Beckford of Fonthill. Duffield.
Men and Women of America, 1910. Hamersly & Co.
Milne, J. My Summer in London. Dutton.
Milton's Minor Poems. Edited with notes by O. Elton. Frowde.
Nason, A. H. Short Themes: A Freshman Manual for the First Semester. Second edition. University Heights. The author. $1.25 net.
Origines Diplomatiques de la Guerre de 1870-1871. Recueil de Documents, publié par le Ministère des Affaires Etrangères. 2 vols. Paris: Gustave Ficker.
Popham, W. L. Poems of Truth, Love, and Power. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Rapaport, S. Tales and Maxims from the Talmud. Selected and translated. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Reports of the National Banks of the Principal Banking Centres of the United States to the Comptroller of the Currency, June 30, 1910. The Evening Post. 15 cents.
Seager, R. B. Excavations on the Island of Pseira, Crete. Univ. of Pennsylvania.
Sébillot, P. Contes des Marins. Adapted and edited by J. E. Mansion. Crowell.
Smith, H. J. Enchanted Ground. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.
Stacpoole, H. De V. The Pools of Silence. Duffield.
Storr, R. Concordance to De Imitatione Christi; Compiled with Full Contentual Quotations. Frowde.
The Cell of Self-Knowledge: seven Early English Mystical Treatises printed by Henry Pepwell. Edited, with introduction and notes, by E. G. Gardner. Duffield. $2 net.
Thomson, J. Walt Whitman. Introduction by B. Dobell. London: James Thomson.
Thorndike, E. L. Educational Psychology. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Teachers College, Col. Univ. $1.50.
Tomlinson, E. T. Young Americans in the British Isles. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
Williamson, C. N. and A. M. The Motor Maid. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Williams, R. P. Essentials of Chemistry. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.

READY THIS WEEK

Logan G. McPherson's
TRANSPORTATION IN EUROPE

Mr. McPherson combines the ability to write interesting popular papers on this subject with scientific accuracy. He lectures on transportation at Johns Hopkins, is the author of "The Working of the Railroads" ($1.50 net) and "Railroad Freight Rates in Relation to the Commerce and Industry of the United States" ($2.25 net).

This new book is mainly a rearrangement and amplification of the author's reports to the National Waterways Commission, which were scrutinized by the leading European officials. It is the first comprehensive book on the subject published in the United States.

$1.50 net; by mail, $1.63.

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33d St., N.Y.

Life of Reginald Pole

By MARTIN HAILE

Author of "Queen Mary of Modena," "James Francis Edward, the Old Chevalier," etc., etc. 8vo, pp. xv.-554. With Photogravure Plates. Cloth Extra, gilt top, $5.25 *net.*

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., New York

The Jewish Quarterly Review

A publication devoted to Jewish history, literature, philology, archaeology and cognate subjects. Published by the Dropsie College for Hebrew and Cognate Learning, York Street near Broad, Philadelphia, under the editorship of Cyrus Adler, President of the College, and S. Schechter, President of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. Subscription, Three Dollars per annum.

STENOGRAPHER
GEO. B. COCK
FRANKLIN BANK BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

MR. OWEN JOHNSON'S
Lawrenceville Stories

The Varmint

"It's a wonder. . . . And the joyful pathos of the last installment choked me all up—it was so true, and generally and specifically bully."—Booth Tarkington.

12mo, 396 pages. Illustrated by Gruger. $1.50.

The Humming Bird

One of the most amusing baseball slang stories ever written. 12mo, illustrated. 50c.

The Prodigious Hickey

Originally published as "The Eternal Boy." The First Lawrenceville Story. 12mo. Illustrated. $1.50.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK

Lake George and Lake Champlain: The War Trail of the Mohawks and the Battleground of France and England in their Contest for the Control of North America

By W. MAX REID,
Author of "The Mohawk Valley," "The Story of Old Fort Johnson," etc.

8vo, with 90 Full-Page Illustrations. **$3.50 net.**

Mr. Reid's new book is devoted to the history and the scenic beauty of a section of the country every inch of which is to him familiar ground. With its history and traditions he is deeply imbued, and to be deeply imbued with such a history and with such traditions is no insignificant acquisition. The author has seized upon the dramatic incidents that form the staple of this history and has combined them in a narrative that moves with unimpeded swiftness.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK & LONDON

Library Orders

We have conducted a special department for many years that has been exceptionally successful in handling book orders from

PUBLIC LIBRARIES SCHOOLS, COLLEGES *and* UNIVERSITIES

Our Monthly Bulletin of New Books, with annotations and brief descriptions of each title recorded, is one of the most helpful aids in book selection.

Library Department
A. C. McCLURG & CO.
CHICAGO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED